

*John* THE *Cooke 1692*  
Fair EXTRAVAGANT,  
OR, THE  
Humorous Bride.  
AN ENGLISH  
NOVEL.

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*Præstat otiosum esse quam nihil  
agere. —*

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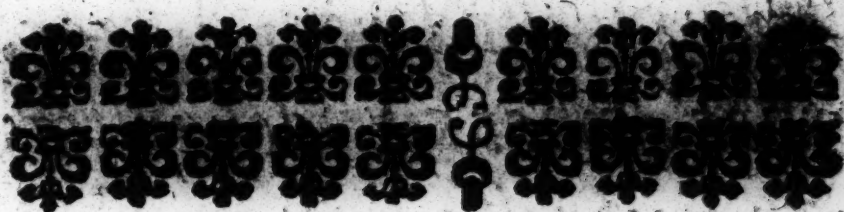
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L O N D O N,

Printed for Charles Blount, at the Cathe-  
drine-Wheel at Charing-Cross. 1682.







To my Worthy Friends,  
Mr. W.C. and Mr. A.P.



*H*AD it not  
been a neces-  
sary Acknow-  
ledgment, I  
had not presum'd (Gen-  
tlemen) to have occasi-  
oned you a Blush, in  
throwing such a Trifle  
as this unto your Prote-  
ction.

The Epistle

tion. And yet, I fear,  
that what I design as  
an Expression of my Gra-  
titude for your many  
Favours, may draw on  
me a greater Obligation  
from you; I mean in  
receiving this into your  
Patronage: It is the  
first thing I have done  
publick Penance for in  
a Sheet: Which, yet,  
had Mr. Blount been  
less hasty, had been more  
Correct and Pardonable.

You



Dedicatory.

You know the Circumstances that provoked me to this Attempt; I shall only put you in mind, that-----

Nil habet Infelix Paupertas  
durius in se,

Quam quod Ridicules ho-  
-mines facit!

I shall not need to trouble you with the English-  
on't, to whom the Latin  
is as familiar and easy  
as your own English  
Tongue: Nor wou'd I  
have

The Epistle, &c.

have the Ladys understand it, lest it spoil my Fortunes.

I must confess there is much in that ! But there will be infinitely more in your goodness, if you will not, for this, lessen the kind opinion you have hitherto had of, most Dear Friends !

Your most sensibly Oblig'd,

Obedient and Humble Servant,

A. O.

THE  
Fair EXTRAVAGANT  
OR, THE  
Humorous Bride.  
AN ENGLISH  
NOVEL.

**I**T is expected (perhaps) I should say something by way of Introduction to this Discourse, and I play the Philosopher before I play the Poet. But at present I am not disposed to be serious; besides I never was fond of that tedious Paradox, the farthest way about, is the nearest way home.

B.

and



and so am willing to be Trudging on to the Story, which tells us :

*Ariadne* was as Beautiful as any of her Age, as Witty as Fair, as well Educated, and as Humorous as either; Add to these the advantage of her Uncle's Death, who left her sole Heiress to Twelve Hundred Pounds a Year, besides some Thousands in Money and Jewels, and you will conclude he was the happiest younger Brother in *Christendom* that Married her: And so (perhaps) he was; for I never heard her Virtue call'd in question; and 'tis hard if a Man could miscarry among so many Excellencies; at least it must be his own fault. Her Birth too was Honourable enough, being Daughter to a Knight Baronet, by which you may guess she was an *English* Woman and our Neighbour; for (by the way) I am not going to put any *Spanish* Intrigue upon you.

The last fatal time she was in Town, being about the seventeenth year of her Reign, (for Beauty, give me leave to tell

tell you, has a large Empire) she Lodged, — let me see! somewhere about St. James's. I need not describe her Lodgings to you, I must only say, they were agreeable to her Humour and Fortune, which made 'em both splendid and pleasant, being richly hung and adorn'd with Cabinets, China, Glasses and what not! But much more with excellent Pictures of the best Hands, and those chiefly in her Closet, where (if ever you were there) you might have observed that of Don Quixot, and Sancho Panca, which hung just over against *Amadis de Gaul*, and directly opposite to *Oroonates* and *Casario* in Combat when they had mistaken one another; with many more fantasticks. Nor were her Books better match'd. Here you might see *Francis Quarles* bound up with *George Wither*, *Sir John Suckling*, and *Sir John Denham*, *Randolph* and *Shakespeare* and *Johnson* (amongst others) all over a shelf together. (You know, I think, that I have seen many other

Poets were pil'd in a heap; my Lord  
*Rochester* was laid aside, only Mr. *Cow-*  
*ley* stood alone: but what was most  
 pleasant of all, this satyrical pretty Lady  
 had bound *Rablaix* with *Dod* upon  
*Clever*. In short, here lay a Play,  
 there a Sermon; here an Academy,  
 there a Prayer-Book; here a Romance,  
 and there a Bible: not but that she  
 was a good Christian for all this I  
 dare say. Now be pleas'd to take  
 notice, when she was weary of sing-  
 ing and dancing, she did often read in  
 one or other of these Books, especial-  
 ly Romances, for she was a great lover  
 of Knight Errantry, and was quite that  
 way addicted, as I fear you find,  
 she had had the tender of many  
 hearts, the proffers of many a fair  
 Service, but either this was a Squire, or  
 that a Clown, or t'other a Fop, and  
 so to the end of the Chapter: she never  
 yet, but I fear my *Cowell* as to *Chaucer*,  
 was very long and tedious,  
 and I am sure, that she  
 was not a little weary of it,  
 and I am sure, that she  
 was not a little weary of it,  
 and I am sure, that she  
 was not a little weary of it,



ry dearly. My heart (said she) I am  
 resolved on't, my own *Miranda* (she  
 continued) it must be. I am confir-  
 med in the reasonableness of the pro-  
 ject, and I will go through with it  
 shouldst make halt and prepare to  
 stand still. — The young Lady her  
 Countess was surpris'd, but knowing her  
 Humour pretty well, she straight con-  
 sider'd there was some French intended,  
 and easily said, I see on (the Countess)  
 Fickleness there; and that I'll say  
 Virgile will guide us always. Perhaps  
 (reply'd *Miranda*) the Countess and  
 the French may at this time hold  
 it in question, but thou shalt be my  
 Judge. Know then (thou tender  
 part of my Soul) I am not now  
 weary of that oppressive weight of  
 a Maidenhead, which I have borne  
 not under these five long years, and  
 find I have not been Courtesan any  
 longer, whom I could engage to my  
 Pleasure and for Ay, I am resolv'd  
 to be so on two. — My Mother  
 is a simple old Fool, and I will  
 not mix with the meaner  
 sort.

whom I can find in my heart to commit the dangerous Sin of Matrimony. Thou wilt be witness of all my actions, which I hope shall never cost thee a Blush. Ah (dearest friend) reply'd *Miranda*, I know your Virtue keeps too strict a Guard, to permit anything to be acted contrary to it's Prerogative, 'tis absolute, and allows but few priviledges to the Subject, but those most wholesome and pleasant, and for this little extravagance you have proposed, I think it so Innocent especially regarding the design that leads you, that I protest I am fond of it my self. Come along then (said *Miranda*) let's to my Brothers Chamber and dress! 'tis now about three o' Clock, and *Evander* (that was her Brothers name) is just gone out to take a Bottle before Play time. How know you that? (said her Cousin) As I late in my Closet (reply'd *Miranda*) I heard him ask if the Coach were ready 'twas answer'd yes, upon which he went down stairs. This happy opportunity must not escape us, by no means.

means (said her loving Second.) Without making any more words therefore they went directly to *Evander's* Wardrobe, and fitted themselves with two of the richest, and most modish Suits that were there, which indeed were very Glorious and fashionable: for by the way, *Evander* was a Spark of the first Rate, his Father having left above 3000 *l.* a year, clear Estate in Land, besides a considerable bank of Money. He was very good humour'd and very handsome, much like his Sister, and very little Taller; four years older than she, being just turn'd of twenty one. However were he twenty Brothers, and twenty times more like her, than he was, she was mighty glad of his Absence, for they immediately dress themselves, and the Cloaths sat very well on 'em, being all three much of the same height and proportion. Now (said *Miranda*) Cousin, Marry as soon as you will, I would advise you not to part with the Breeches, for I vow to you they become you extremely well! Pardon me *Miranda*



*randa* (said our t'other *Amazon*) if I  
 take not your advice, for I should per-  
 fectly hate my Husband, if I per-  
 ceiv'd he would suffer me to impose on  
 him. But come Child (continued she)  
 let's see if the Coast be Clear, and  
 whip out the back way: saying so,  
 down the Back-stairs they went into  
 the Garden, which Door they present-  
 ly unlock'd, *Ariadne* constantly keep-  
 ing a Key of it about her, afterwards  
 they rambl'd as far as *Fleet-street*, and  
 the crowd going in, and coming out,  
 at *Richard's* Coffee-house, stop't em,  
 which made *Ariadne* curious to know  
 the humours of such a Place, with much  
 ado then they thrust in boldly and  
 sat'em down: says one, who sat at  
 the Table where they were, In my o-  
 pinion the Character of a *Papish* Suc-  
 cessor, &c. is as Rational a Discourse  
 as has been writ of late, nor can I  
 think that Mr. *L. Strange* has any way  
 answer'd his least Objections to the  
*D's* Succession. O (cry'd *Ariadne*) a  
 delicate peice 'tis, no doubt! And so  
 he had but apply'd himself never a  
 little

title to the Lord Mayor, and Court  
 of Aldermen, immediately upon the  
 Death of Mr. Jordan; in reward he  
 had certainly obtained the Honour of  
 being Roper to the Honourable City of  
 London, being by the most presumptu-  
 rous Competitor in Town, a Towns-  
 man's oversight in him (reply'd *na-  
da*) but I understand now he set  
 up for something more Advantageous;  
 I mean, to be Chief-Firework-Maker  
 to the furdimented Honourable City  
 upon their usual Solemnities on the 5th  
 and 18th of November: and it is said  
 he designs to Burn his own Pope-John  
 next Year. Why, Sir! (said another  
 that sat by) do you imagine he does  
 not expect to starve? And then Mr. R.  
 Writer so meantly Smile, that he may  
 only become a Pageant. No pardon  
 me, Sir, (reply'd *Armande* taking up  
 the Cudgels for her friend) we have  
 no ill opinion of your Author, nor cer-  
 tainly I like his Sonnets of Love and  
 Gallantry very well: but my friend  
*Elkanah* had been more highly to be  
 commended, had he left off before he

came for *Papa-John* and then *Charadist*  
*she*, I suppose (said another near *Spence*  
*Spark* in a Band) you are all *Orators*. (A  
*cry'd Ariadne*) what's  
that? That is, a *Tammy*, or a *Dakes-*  
*man*, or a *Papist* in *Disguise*. On  
my word (said *Marmada*) is of a large  
signification! But I can assure you *Sir*,  
we are none of all these. Perhaps (con-  
tinu'd *she*) we wish the *D.* all the  
Right imaginable: so do I too, (repli'd  
our *Spark* with the Band) but then I  
fear it will go very hard with him.  
Pray *Sir*, (continued he very pertly)  
don't you think the late Parliament  
dissolv'd at *Oxford*, were all wise and  
honest, well meaning Gentlemen? How  
*Sir*! (cry'd *Ariadne* very briskly) All  
wise and honest? that can't be, for  
they must be some Fools, and some  
Rascals, or else they are not the true  
Representatives of the People. At this,  
some laugh'd, and some look'd displeas-  
antly. On my word young Gentlemen  
(said *Sir* *Fernal* with his Band) it  
well our President is not here, for he  
would have had a bout with you long  
now.



now. About with us? (reply'd *Ariadne*) what before all this Reverend Company? No, no, let him take a bout with his Boys, for we are not for his Management. However, (contin'd she) 'tis time for us to be gone, for fear he shou'd ha' seen us at *Paris* or *Validolid*, or somewhere abroad where neither of us have been these forty Years. With these words they mov'd their Hats as they had seen others do, and left the Company to censure 'em; they tript on to the *Dukes* Play-house, where that day was plaid the *Orphan*, or the *Unhappy-Marriage*.

By the way (said *Ariadne*) I am sure none of those Fellows we left are for my turn. They got into the Pit, before they were aware, and *Ariadne* had forgotten the Name of the Play. Prithee Jack (says she to *Miranda*) what's play'd to day? The—something, or the *Unhappy-Marriage*, (answer'd she.) How! (said another in a surprise) pray Heaven it prove not Ominous! Which is enough to convince any charitable Man that she

was

was a good Christian, for I dare assure him, her Prayers were heard. — Well — But — As she was thus piously reflecting, a Gentleman, vvhose fate near 'em, and vvhom she had not as yet observ'd, overheard her Deprecations, and taking notice of the Zeal vvhith vvhich she utter'd 'em. Sir, (said he) you mistake, possibly; this is not St. Pauls Covent-Garden, nor St. Dunstan's Church; and indeed I beleive it is not so proper a place to Pray in. Howv (said she smartly) I'm sure I have heard many a good Sermon here, and I know no reason but that I may add a Prayer to 'em if I please; for assure your self I have found it very vvholsome so to do. Nay, and more than that, I have on the contrary humm'd a Minuet to my self, vvhhen I have seen many a Reverend Spark in a Cassock hold forth stoutly, and have nevertheles found no hurt by it at all. I am sorry Sir (said he) you have perverted both the Places. Perverted (cry'd Ariadne, looking earnestly on him) I think I made the proper use

use of them according to the times  
and Circumstances, for there I have  
heard such Hum drum Discourse, that  
I must of necessity have fallen asleep,  
had I not sung in my own defence. Now  
here I have often taken notice of some  
Scenes that have so pathy fitted the  
Circumstances, which I was then un-  
der, that I could not forbear saying of  
men to them. (Said *Polydor*, for so  
the Gentleman was call'd,) I fear (Sir)  
you value yourself much on your Con-  
tempt of the Clergy and things Sacred,  
but I can assure you, no man in his right  
Senses will esteem you e're the more  
for it. And pray (Sir) give me leave  
to ask you how long 'tis since you read  
*Mr. Hobbs's Leviathan*? for, I suppose  
you are mighty conversant with his No-  
tions. Hum! — (said she scornfully) You  
will pardon me (Sir) if I do not  
well know whether you mean to read  
a Manifesto by the Name. That I am  
doubtless (cry'd *Adrianda*.) You are  
very positive, Sir (said *Polydor*,) and  
have soon determin'd on my thoughts.  
But by good fortune you are in the  
right;



right; for, if things that have no resemblance to the other part of the whole Creation, may justly be call'd Monstrous; this is so. Ha! (said *Ariadne*, whispering *Miranda*) This is the Man. I confess (continued she turning to *Polydor*) to prevent any further discourse on this matter, I have heard before of this old Gentleman, but I never gave my self the trouble to be better acquainted with him, than by Hear-say. You are the happier man, *Sir* (said *Polydor*) for certainly you have avoided giving your self a great deal of Perplexity. — By this time the Curtain was drawn up, and they suffered themselves to be entertained by the Players. And truly they did themselves no great Violence, for I think 'twas a good Play. They had however some Discourse between the Acts, which (perhaps) was more Harmonious than the Musick, especially to *Ariadne*, who was so extremely pleased with our younger Brother, (for so was *Polydor*) that she had engaged to go with him to *Locker* after the Play. Now ought I in courtesy to

give

give you a Character of this same *Polyp*  
 der, and so I will. He had lived  
 about thirty Years, and those chiefly in  
*Paris* and *London*, and a good Christian  
 too was he. I mean no *Papist*, nor yet  
 a *Presbyterian*, but (perhaps) not Mr.  
*Lestrange's* Faction, if I may call the  
 Church of England a factious Party;  
 but pardon me, I think it more proper  
 to name those so, who dissent from it.  
 For pray take notice I mean to represent  
 him as he was, a very honest brave Gen-  
 tleman, of a good Family, well educa-  
 ted, and of good natural Parts; for his  
 Singing and Dancing I cannot say much,  
 but of his Poetry, the Town has had  
 sufficient opportunities to Judge. He  
 was as handsome too as the best of us. I  
 have ever seen upon our Stage. I Not so  
 cruel as *Almanzor*, nor yet so timorous  
 as *Sir Nicholas Colley*. Not so vain as  
*Sir Fopling*, nor so plain as my poor  
 shipful friend *Justice Clodpole*. In short,  
 he was a very deserving man; you may  
 believe, for I have drunk some Bottle  
 with him. He had an excellent wit too  
 besides all these, which you will have  
 occasion

occasion to observe: I mean his Con-  
 fession. This was therefore the Man on  
 whom our fair *Amazon* had already  
 thrown herself away. To *Lockers* there-  
 fore they went in a Coach together,  
 where my dear friend *Polydor* lost twenty  
 Guineys; which both the Masque-  
 rading Ladies were witnesses of; but  
 they observed him so undisturbed at it,  
 that they concluded him a *Strick*. Said  
*Adriano* to him, Tempt your Fortune  
~~once~~ <sup>once</sup> more, here are some Guin-  
 neys at your service. Pulling out a Purse  
 that held forty or fifty, truly I  
 cannot tell which. I thank you, Sir,  
 (said *Polydor*, very obligingly,) but I  
 must not accept them. I have lost alrea-  
 dy what I propos'd to my self to hazard;  
 besides I am yet so much a Stranger to  
 you that I ought not in modesty to re-  
 ceive so great an obligation of you, for  
 I have not as yet forgotten that the *Phi-*  
*loosopher* said, *Quid boni faciam accipiam*  
*bonum* ~~vanitatem~~ <sup>vanitatem</sup>. Pray what is that  
 (Sir) in English? (said *Adriano*.) O  
 Sir! (replied *Polydor*.) I am sensible of  
 my want of breeding and I know it well  
 no less so



an Errour to speak Latin in Gentlemens Company, especially in such a Place. No matter (said *Ariadne*) since we know (Sir) you will not accept of my service. But (proceeded she) I have a proposition to make to you, if you can find in your heart to divorce your self from this good Company, and drink a Bottle or two with my Cohn and me in another Room. I could wish you would Sir (said *Miranda*) for I very much am uneasy among so many Strangers. Call then for another Room (said *Polydor*) and I will wait on you immediately Gentlemen. I will but just take my leave here. They did so, after having made their Compe to our Gamesters, and expected him not long: but no sooner were they gone, e're one enquired who they were? Another, whether they would Play? A third, what Effect either of them had? And how long he had known them? Nay god (said he) I have not been long acquainted with them; tho one of them is a Bachelor of mine: which was that? (said another friend *Harry*.) Why, he that offered me Money,

Money, ( answered *Polydor.* ) Dam thee for a Coxcomb, ( said his other friend *Tom* ) for refusing it ! No no ( interrupted our third Gamster ) I fancy he has better Business with him hereafter. You may swear it *Will* ( said *Polydor* ) the Gold and I had not parted else, at least this Night ; for be pleased to take notice, I should not have played an Ace more. *Well* — However sit down and drink a little more for the Money thou hast lost already ( said honest *Will.* ) No faith ( cry'd *Polydor* going out ) I am engaged. He went directly to his new Acquaintance, who ( perhaps ) were very glad to see him so punctual : and after having saluted him a fresh , ( said *Ariadne* ) Let us now lay aside all formality, for if you please ( Sir ) I mean to be very intimately acquainted with you. ( A pretty sort of a Phrase , had he known who spoke it. ) It will undoubtedly be my unhappiness if I be not, ( said *Polydor.* ) You do not know ( cry'd she very pleasantly ) how it would contribute to the whole felicity of my Life, if you would but endeavour it.

ie. How do you mean Sir? (answered *Polydor* by the way of Question.) I mean (said she) that all things might be in common between us two. For believe me, I love it most sacredly to you: were I a Woman, you are the only man I must love. However I will now make you an offer that may not (happily) be wholly disadvantageous to you, though it will add much to my Quiet. — Dear Sir (interrupted *Polydor*) pray spare your Complements, and as soon as you please propose if you can what I dare refuse to you. Come! To the Business; to the Business, Cousin; (said *Miranda*.) You shall know then Sir (continued *Ariadne*) I have a Cousin that is a rich Heiress, being at present possessed of twelve hundred pounds a year in Land, besides some thousand pounds in Money and Jewels: her Person is Tolerable, I think at least it is so, if mine may be thought so; for we are more like than any other two you ever saw. Her humour I think exceeds that. Pardon me (interrupted *Miranda*) they are both so excellent, that it is



is no easie matter to determine which is most Beautiful and Charming. She is obliged to you (said *Ariadne*) her Age (continued she addressing her self to *Polydar*) is the same with mine, being very near Seventeen. You may believe in these Circumstances she could never want the Addresses of many Persons, and those (perhaps) of no mean Quality. But she is very curious in the choice of that fatal thing we call a Husband, for (I dare swear for her) she means to make no Property of him, but to love him as immoderately, unmodishly, and as virtuously as ever Husband was loved, in the old Sacramental days of Matrimony. And were she mine, (interrupted *Polydar*) I would love her so heartily she should almost complain on it. Not that I mean to kill her with kindness, for if I should attempt that, I die first my self, but I beg your pardon. Pray, Sir, proceed: I must then remind you (pursued she) how difficult it has been hitherto for any man to make the least impression on her Inclinations, which she is so sensible of, that she almost despairs of finding

finding a man she could heartily love. I have often heard her though describe such a Figure of a Lover and of such Qualifications to her self, which made me once offer my Service to her in the search of such a one she had described, insinuating that I was the more likely to Succeed of the two, and the sooner; because my Breeches would admit me into that Company, which her Petticoats would exclude her. She readily accepted my offer, and was pleased to say, she was certain she should approve of my Choice. And now this very minute am I playing the Knight Errant to serve this Lady, which I would do with the hazard of my life, for assure your self I love her as my own heart. You were saying (Sir interrupted *Polydor*) she gave you a Figure of the man she could love, pray what was that Sir? If it be not rude in me to desire it, nor inconvenient in you to shew it. I beg you would proceed to his Picture. You shall have a Sir, (said she) as soon as I can get him drawn. As for your business you are sufficiently acquainted with

with that already; for your Quality, I know it by your Name. So that to save the expence of so much precious time, I am sure you need only consult your Glass; and you will see the very Man there in all Circumstances. O Dear Sir! (said *Polydor*) do not Impose on me; but I perceive this is but real Raillery; you have a mind to be merry: But, Come, Sir, my Service to you; this Glass will inspire us with another and (perhaps) as pleasant discourse. She saw him drink off his Glass fairly: And then answered, By all the truth Mankind is capable of, you do me wrong (Sir) to imagin that I have hitherto impos'd on you, or that I shall ever hereafter endeavour it; besides, I am very sensible 'tis no easie attempt in any body, especially in me. Yet, give me leave once more to attack your unjust, and if I may say so your unkind mistrust of me, of what I have told you. By all the hopes I have of future Prosperity (pursu'd she) you are the Man. How can you be assur'd of that, Sir! (said *Polydor*.) I am absolutely Con-

scious of a yinc's but ere day I am



firm'd, assur'd and dare swear it (*replied she*) For, she see's with my Eyes, hears with my Ears, Understands with my Intellectuals, and thinks as I do. On my word, Sir, (*said Polydor*) you are a very dangerous Rival then.

Alas, Sir, (*replied Ariadne*) were I your Rival; you have a great deal the advantage in your Weapon: And the Combat would be more Pleasant than Fatal. But be confident (*continu'd she*) you need fear no Rival, to my certain knowledge, she is passionately in Love with you: And to confess the truth, I was sent to observe your motions, and if possible to fix you so long as to make this discourse to you, with some overtures which yet I have omitted. *Polydor* all this time regarded her so earnestly, and so strictly survey'd her all over, that he hardly was sensible when she came to this last Period: But at length Recollecting himself, Sir (*said he*) allowing all this to be real; yet you are to learn the Circumstances, which at present I am under. But forgive me, after all the serious Faces you have us'd, and after all  
your :

your earnest discourse, I am still suspicious of my own Merits, tho (perhaps) not of your sincerity, and the assurance you have from her. And come continu'd he drinking to *Miranda*) my Service to you, Sir. Help me I beseech you to Divert this Gentleman's Melancholly. — Melancholly! (said *Ariadne* very eagerly, as soon as ever he had set down the Glass) 'Tis you that Impose now, for I see you are about to perswade me that I am a little civilly Distracted, or so. — But (pursu'd she vehemently) pray (Sir) let us learn those Circumstances of yours which we are yet ignorant of. *Polydor* seeing her somewhat concern'd, did not know what Judgment to make of what he had heard, whether it were Real or Fictitious. But weighing deliberately the Meen, the Habit, Beauty, and Discourse of the Person, began tacitely to accuse himself of Incivility to a Person who at the first sight had offer'd him so considerable a Service, as Thirty or Forty Guineys might ha' done him, had he accepted 'em, wherefore he concluded himself

mista-

mistaken and rather the madder of the  
 two; which oblig'd him very easily  
 and modestly to reply; Sir, I most Re-  
 ligiously beg your Pardon for my own  
 Madnels in mistaking you so long; and  
 that you may the more easily be inclin'd  
 to so generous an Act I will tell you my  
 Circumstances; and you will find what  
 necessity I had to despair of my own de-  
 serts in so great an advantage as this  
 might ha' been to me. You may (hap-  
 pily) have heard of my name (per-  
 haps) if you do not know any of the Fa-  
 mily, which I dare say is honest and not  
 altogether Ignoble; my Father (let me  
 speak it with Modesty) enjoys a plenti-  
 ful Estate, Heaven be praised! However  
 I am the youngest Son: And my For-  
 tune is small enough. I have no depen-  
 dence but on Providence and my own  
 endeavours, if I shou'd extravagantly  
 continue to impair that little Estate my  
 Grandfather left me; and already the  
 better moiety is engag'd, part of which  
 you saw me just now make my last stake  
 in this House; yet, give me leave to add,  
 I am an Honest Fellow, true to my  
 King,



King, and my Mistress when ever I had one; no more a Gamester than my Ancestors, which (may be) was too much; I mean tho, not fond of it, but in hopes to improve the little pittance was left to support this Tenement, too little for the unruly Guest that fills it; for certainly I had never been so unadvis'd as to hazard my Estate, had it been any thing proportionable to my Humour; but at present I only possess 80 Pounds a year, the Remainder of 150 l. a year left me by the old Gentleman I spoke of before. And now (Sir) if after all I have discover'd to you 'tis possible this Lady should love me, she is a Prodigy of Goodness: But I hope, you are convinc'd she cannot. So far I am from being convinc'd that she should not love you for your slender fortunes (answered *Ariadne*) that it the more Confirms me you only must be the Man. For, these are the very Circumstances she could have wish'd to have met with in him she Lov'd; And when her Brother has told her she would sometime or other throw her self away, (as he call'd it) on some younger Brother,

or

or Extravagant Elder Brother ; I  
 have often heard her protest, she had ra-  
 ther bestow her self according to the de-  
 serts of the Person, not his Land, since  
 she had enough to maintain both him,  
 her self and her Children splendidly,  
 without being oblig'd to any of her Re-  
 lations. This I dare safely avow (inter-  
 rupted *Miranda*) I have several times  
 heard her declare it. Ay — But Sir,  
 (said *Polydor*) what a pretty Life must  
 that Husband have ; when on the least  
 difference imaginable the Lady's Wife  
 shall fly out to this Effect ; Base Man !  
 do you consider who rais'd you ? God made  
 you 'tis true ; but he left you poor ; I found  
 you so and made you Rich ? And suppose  
 that by the advantage of her Fortune he  
 should be prefer'd at Court ; — Was it not  
 I ? Was it not through my means you are  
 what you are ? Was it not my Money  
 that brib'd such a Lord ? — Alas poor  
 Thing ! Thou couldst hardly have gone to  
 in a Hackney Coach, much less in a  
 Coach of thine own, but that I taking pity  
 on thy thin Shoes, gave thee Room in mine ;  
 and more, in my Bed : More miserable  
 wretch ;

wretch; more Obedient Fool I! O damn'd  
 Infatuated, *Horatio* Hold, Sir, Hold!  
 (cry'd *Antoine* aloud) and almost out  
 of Breath, or I shall burst my Spleen  
 and Ribs with Laughing. Methinks you  
 act it very naturally; y<sup>e</sup> are strangely  
 concern'd whatever's the matter: But  
 give me the opportunity to Breathe a lit-  
 tle; and I will tell you, she is a Lady, if  
 not of so good a Family as *Polydor's*;  
 yet he shou'd have no cause to blush at  
 the alliance he may have, if he pleases.  
 And since we do suppose her such; we  
 may presume she has had such Education  
 as wou'd not allow the least disobedient  
 Word to the Man whom she had once  
 found in her Heart to Marry. And pray  
 let me confirm you in this Opinion of  
 her: But above all (continued she) be  
 absolutely satisfied she Loves you perfe-  
 ctly. This I must urge too (said *Ant-  
 oine*.) I am extremely oblig'd to the  
 Lady (reply'd *Polydor*.) But what does  
 she expect of me? Reciprocal Love  
 (answer'd *Antoine*.) If you can find in  
 your Heart (said *Antoine*.) to cast  
 your self away on a most Beautiful,  
 Young,



Young, Good Humour'd, Virtuous,  
 Well-educated Lady, with a good For-  
 tune, and one that has a great deal of  
 Love in store for you, say the Word,  
 and you both may be happy. How now  
 (interrupted *Ariadne*) I believe Cousin,  
 you are in Love with her your self!—  
 But come, Sir, (contin'd she A dress-  
 ing her self to *Polydar*) your Answer?  
 When I see the Lady and have discours'd  
 her a while I'll resolve you (said *Polydar*)  
 for (contin'd he). I hope you are not so  
 unreasonable as to propose to your self  
 that I shou'd make you any promise be-  
 fore that. Still you are scrupulous I see  
 Sir (said *Ariadne*) and let me tell you  
 without a Cause: Dare not you take  
 my Word? You know my Name by  
 this time I suppose, and some of  
 our Family (perhaps) if not —  
 Ours I do (interrupted *Polydar*) I must  
 first desire to speak with the Lady first;  
 otherwise I shou'd deny my self the use  
 of my Reason; and that I beg you wou'd  
 not exact of me, I confess (reply'd *A-*  
*riadne*) that which you ask is but reason-  
 able, but such is the Caprice of this

Lady's Humour, that she is resolv'd the  
 Person she designs for her Husband shall  
 not see her Face till after they are Mar-  
 ried. And in short, this is the hazard  
 you must run: Consider on't! To Mor-  
 row till Eleven in the Morning is the ut-  
 most Minute she will expect you. You'l  
 find her in the Park by *Rosamond's Pond*,  
 accompanied only with one Lady more,  
 both *Maqu'd*. She that gives you her  
 Hand is yours for ever. These are hard  
 Terms you'l say; But Remember, *No-  
 thing venture, nothing have*. Ay, Sir,  
 (interrupted *Polydor*) of faint heart, &c.  
 No matter for the rest. — But pray  
 give me leave to tell you, I hazard all  
 the little Estate I have; Besides, perhaps,  
 my Reputation, 'as 'tis not impossible  
 but she may have lov'd before to my  
 cost, shou'd I Marry her, and then my  
 Quiet follows my Reputation; or pray  
 Sir pardon me I beseech you, for you  
 may remember too, 'Tis good to look be-  
 fore we leap; I must urge what I can a-  
 gainst you to satisfy my self; she may,  
 instead of being so great a Fortune,  
 prove a greater Cheat, and Marry me to  
 keep

keep her self out of a Prison. ——— Hold Sir (interrupted *Ariadne*) have I been all this while labouring to perswade you of her Vi tue and Wealth to so little purpose! What do you see in me that shou'd make you suspect the truth of what I have told you, after all the Protestations I have made! if she were a lewd Woman, or one who wanted an Husband to go to Goal for her; are there not a now inferior to you every way, that might act such a part? in fine, Credit me; I am sure you may be very happy with her if you embrace the Proposals I have made you.

I am in earnest, think well on't! This is the last time of asking. 'Tis somewhat a short warning she gives a Man; methinks (continu'd *Polydor*) she might enlarge the Bounds of her Resolution a day or two more. For, she will otherwise have but little Reason to commend my Discretion. No matter; she is already sufficiently satisfy'd of all your good Qual ties. And she can't afford you one Second more. Nay (saide *Miranda*) I know her so well, that I dare



engage she will not yield you one Moment. Shee's very determinate then in her purposes! (sayd *Polydor*;) But methinks continu'd he) I Dream. No, *Polydor*, (said *Ariadne*) you wake: But you shut your eyes to your own good Fortune. Open 'em I beg you. I suppose, you may know or have heard of her Brother Sir *Fr. Heartwell*, enquire at his Lodgings of his Sister *Ariadne*, and if you find what I have told false concerning her Estate and Virtue, e'en go back again to drink or to play as your Humour shall then serve you. That's pretty fair (said *Polydor*;) But if she be indeed Sister to Sir *Francis*, whom I am very well acquainted with, why mayn't I see her before we Marry. No more Questions of that nature, Dear Infidel, (said she) I have partly told you the extravagance of her Humour, and one Caution more I am to give you; If you discourse one Syllable of what has passed between us to her Brother; you lose her for ever. To Morrow Morning you may satisfy your Scrupulous Conscience in the other matters. Well! — for once (said

(said he) I may chance to trust Fortune,  
 at least I shall take the pains to consult  
 my Pillow about it; which I hope she  
 and you will allow me to do. And all  
 the reason in the World! (Reply'd Mi-  
 randa.) By all means (said Ariadne) so  
 Sir, my Service to you, (contin'd she  
 drinking to Polydor.) This is the first  
 time (said Polydor) that I am like to have  
 the Honour of Pledging you: But for  
 my part, what with drinking before the  
 Play and since, I find my self pretty well  
 to pass. Besides, it grows late. Well  
 Consider (said Ariadne, pulling out a  
 Golden Watch) 'tis now turn'd of ten;  
 and I presume you may be weary of our  
 Company, which has so long made you  
 uneasy. However I would have you  
 part with us resolved, if possible, to see  
 this Lady that so Adores you, at the  
 time appointed. I will endeavour, (Re-  
 ply'd he) to perswade my self. which is  
 as much as you can desire. So, imme-  
 diately they call'd a Reckoning, which  
 Ariadne would needs discharge. And  
 then parted at the Door, Polydor walk-  
 ing towards Westminster, and Ariadne  
 took

took Coach with *A Miranda* for her Brothers House; into which they got the back way as they came. Where we may leave 'em to shift themselves, for I hold it not convenient to peep into Ladies Privacies. In the meantime my Friend *Polydor* was making Reflections on what had pass'd; sometimes he was for going to meet 'em, then presently Curling himself for being such a Fool as to give ear to so improbable a Story as he then thought it. Staggering all the way home both in Mind and Body. At last he reach'd his Apartment to speak Gentilely: And I think, without saying his Prayers, he went to Bed; where he fell fast asleep till next Morning, about 5 or 6. When Waking, he began afresh to recal the last Nights Adventure, and the Proposition *Ariadne* made to him. Ha! (said he to himself) 'Tis very odd! Yet there is something in it looks very Rare! The two Sparks very Rich and Gay, especially my particular Friend whose Jewels were doubly fine: That Watch, that Chain, and those Rings I took notice of in the *Pergers*, were marks of no ordinary



*His Mien was a la mode, Easy and Sweet; His Conversation Free and Generous: Sure he can have no Ends in this.*

How Fool! (Reply'd he to himself) is it not very possible he has been, and (may be) is her Gallant, who now is fated, and would willingly turn her on my hands, with the advantage of a Great Belly. Yet as I said, why might not another Man, any Rascal might have serv'd his ends. What shall I do, I am already fallen a Stern very finely; and unless I meet with a good Pilot I shall run a' ground to rights. This Lady then must be my Pilot, I was mor'd before, but now I only hold at one Anchor, and that too drags too fast. Well! I will 'een throw at all. Saying so, he was just going to leap out o' Bed; when a second and contrary Thought surpris'd him and threw him again on his Pillow. *What art a' going to do—Fool* (cry'd he to himself) *See all thy old Acquaintance, some of 'em Witty, Satyrical Rogues, other Damm'd, Black Dogs, all of them Barking at thee aloud; Is this the Spark we have so long mistaken for a Man of Sense! Is this he*  
*who*

who was wont to help us laugh at all these  
Sots that durst hazard their Carriages  
with one Woman for better for worse? And  
is this Jolly Debauche at last overtaken?  
Nay more, filted by a Lewd Woman, pre-  
tended Heiress? Very fine i' faith!

No, no, I'll ha' none on't; I shall  
hardly give 'em the Opportunity to ease  
their Spleens at my cost. — Yet — (conti-  
nu'd he, turning on t' other side;) My  
little, new Acquaintance did urge what  
he said so vehemently, and with so much  
concern; that I must believe him. —

Well — Hang't. The Die is thrown,  
and it is Decreed. At these Words out  
he jump'd, as resolutely as *Cæsar* into  
the *Rubicon*: Makes himself as fine as  
the best of three good Suits could make  
him! Puts all the Guineys he cou'd then  
come at in his Pockets, which I think  
were just three. Then down he drops  
on his Knees; lifting up his Hands and  
Eyes; but where his Heart was at that  
time I will not pretend to determine. Well!

— At length up he gets, and out o' doors  
he marches very courageously to Sir  
Francis's, where he met just coming

out.

but, one of his Acquaintance who was  
 very intimate with our young Knight.  
 O Jack (said he, as soon as he saw him)  
 you are the only Man I cou'd wish to have  
 encounter'd! And, if you are not busy we  
 must drink one Bottle this Morning. I  
 am no Morning drinker (said his Friend)  
 However, to wait on you, I don't much  
 care if I take one Glass, provided the  
 Wine be good. Where will you go?  
 The blue Posts in the May-market I think  
 is the nearest place where we may con-  
 tain our Carousals (answered Polydore)  
 Now, I really believe he was in the  
 right on't: For, he had an excellent Pa-  
 lace for French Wines; I dare assure  
 you: And I wou'd as soon take his judg-  
 ment of wines as any Man's I know. To  
 the blue Posts then they went. Where,  
 after they had each of 'em drunk their  
 two Glasses of wine, Polydore began to  
 inform him of his History. For he had  
 of late, which he found very agreeable  
 the Character he had given him of her  
 for the Night past in every particular.  
 The Gentleman who gave him this ac-  
 count did so enlarge on her Beauty and  
 Gayety



Gayety of Humour, that *Polydor* began  
 to be Jealous, he lov'd her himself :  
 Which made 'em part the sooner by a  
 Bottle or two. *Polydor* now long'd for  
 Eleven a' Clock, being perfectly resolv'd  
 for once to make a blind Bargain with  
 Fortune, and wholly Committed him-  
 self to her Guidance. I think, 'twas be-  
 tween Nine and Ten when he shook off  
 his Friend ; so he went directly to the  
 Park where he expected *Ariadne* as ea-  
 gerly as if he had Lov'd her for seven  
 years together, and that the first time  
 she had ever made him an Assignment. I  
 can but think what Reflections he made  
 on his Friends Relation of *Ariadne's*  
 Person. Beautiful (said he) to a Mi-  
 racle and of an Humour as extravagant-  
 ly Pleasant. Is she so, Sir (said *Polydor*  
 to himself as he walk'd) so much the  
 more happy is your Friend and *Polydor*  
 like to be. Little dost thou think Dear  
 Heart (contin'd he) that I am going to  
 be Marry'd with her this very Morning.  
 And gad tis her own fault too. If she  
 will throw away her self and her Estate  
 on an Honest Fellow of a younger Bro-  
 ther ;

ther; who can help it! The Devil take  
 them that wou'd hinder her for me. I  
 speak nothing but Reason, I am sure. I  
 think it is fit she should have her Hu-  
 mour. Shee's like to pay for't, I believe.  
 He told me too, she sung finely. That's  
 another excellence I mightily well ap-  
 prove of. We may make shift to sing two  
 parts I fancy. Let me see! what new  
 Song have I to Surprise her with! Char-  
 mante Douce, &c. ———— Dam these  
 French Songs! No. I'll Entertain her  
 with plain down right English. As thus  
 (said he humming it softly to himself)

*Tho' your Pride be great as your  
 Beauty,*

*And my Vows you hear with scorn;*

*Yet (Alas!) 'tis but my Duty*

*Silently to Love and Mourn.*

*In hopeless Anguish*

*I dwell in Anguish*

*Rather than wish to break the Chain*

*That binds me to you*

*That I do Adore*

*Thou' all your Sex do Reign*

*And I am but a Slave*

*To your sweet Will*

POX

Fox on't! (said he) I made these  
 Words myself to a French Air; I don't  
 know whether thee'll like 'em or no. But  
 thee must take 'em for better or worse, as  
 I take her. By this time he found him-  
 self at the farther end of the Wall; I  
 mean that end toward the Mulberry  
 Garden that was. There I say, he  
 found himself; for he was absolutely lost  
 before in the Contemplation of his Mi-  
 stress's Perfections. Onward he goes  
 to *Reservoir's* Pond, where he no sooner  
 Arriv'd, but he was Surpriz'd at the sight  
 of two Ladies in their Dress, Masqu'd.  
 One of which, who, by the Richness  
 of her Cloaths seem'd to be of the better  
 Quality of the two, presented him a  
 most Beautiful, Soft, White Hand;  
 without saying one Word to him. He  
 took it, and setting one Knee to the  
 Ground, kiss'd it most religiously. I be-  
 lieve you may see the print of his Lips  
 there yet, if she has not us'd some art  
 to get it out. Well—he look'd on it,  
 and kiss'd it, and kiss'd it, and look'd  
 on it again: Then gaz'd on her two De-



licate, Charming, Black Eyes through the peep holes of her Mask. And fancy'd to himself a Face, if not so Beautiful altogether as *Ariadne* indeed was; yet such as the most excellent Painter cou'd not have flatter'd if he shou'd endeavour it. The other Lady was somewhat the Kinder of the two; for, seeing him stare thus Silently and Curiously, she pull'd off her Mask and ask'd him if he had never a Tongue to praise what he beheld? No, Madam, (said he) not you your self neither, so much, as it deserves; though you come so near the excellencies of an Angel. For, to give her her due; she was as Beautiful as any of the Sex, except *Ariadne*; for, I must maintain the Character of my Heroine, for a Reason that I know. But still, — I say give the Devil his due! Well. She was very handsom, and there's an end on't. Nay *Polydor* (said *Ariadne* keeping her Mask on) we know you are a Courtier. But 'tis a little odd (methinks) that you shou'd so highly commend what you have not as yet seen. How do you know now (continued

nued she) but this Mask covers the most ugly Face you ever saw! O'tis impossible, Madam, (said *Polydor* in a Rapture) 'tis impossible, I swear, with those eyes. But how can you tell, (said *Ariadne* interrupting him) but the Skin on't may be as black as the Velvet of my Mask. I believe it is as soft (said he very Amorously, feeling on the Mask) But Pardon me (Madam) your Eyelids have confirm'd the contrary. I have seen, Madam (continud he) enough to compleat your Victory. Dispose, Madam, (pursu'd he all over in a transport of Love!) Dispose how you please of your Slave. I was an Infidel last Night, 'tis true, but now I will believe, nay I do believe you are the greatest Blessing Heav'n cou'd bestow on me in this World.

Hey day! What a hopeful and sudden change is here, (cry'd *Ariadne*) sure this is not the same *Polydor* my Cousin saw last Night. No, no Madam, (said he) not a Word of that over Cautious, Scrupulous, and Ill natur'd Fellow. I have not one doubt about me. You appear

appear to me all Glorious and Good:  
 But we trifle, (Madam) Let us walk to  
 the other end of the Park and take Coach  
 for *Mary Bane*. Hold, Sir, (said she)  
 there's a Coach waits us at this Gate;  
 which, I presume, is as convenient, O  
 most advantageous (said *Polydor*, lead-  
 ing her towards the Gate) where they  
 quickly Arriv'd, and got into the Coach;  
 which made all the reasonable haste to the  
 Bowling-Green that could be expected:  
 Cry your Mercy, I mean to the Church.  
 But I had been oftner at the first, which  
 made it come sooner into my Thoughts:  
 Besides I had forgot *Polydor* had any  
 Business at the last mention'd place, what-  
 ever he has had at the Green. By the  
 way, (said *Ariadne* to him) have you  
 be thought your self of a Ring? A  
 Ring Child? (said he) no, faith.— But  
 by good Fortune here is one on my Fin-  
 ger which a *French* Mistress of mine gave  
 me at *Paris*; and we may make shift  
 for once with it. Nay, nay, (said she)  
 shift now and shift always. But come,  
 it must and shall do. But hark you (con-  
 tinu'd she) don't you fancy we go as  
 merri-



merrily to Execution as any two Condemn'd People ever did? You may call it what you will (said he) but (methinks) 'twas a little improperly spoken. Was it ever said a Man was Condemn'd to be happy? For such I apprehend my Circumstance at the present; I don't know what you judge of your own. O (said she) doubt not, I have as good an Opinion of you as you can have of me, for the Heart of you. I see then (interrupted *Miranda*) you are both in a fair way to be perfectly happy. — You know I must make her speak something, and not let her sit like a Mute all the while; much contrary to the humour of her Sex. Well — But — now or about this time they got within sight of the Steeple, Look there *Polydor* (said *Adriane*) what do you think of turning back? Why (said he) I think of it as of the only thing I must deny you at the present. No, no — (continu'd he) I am resolv'd to enter the Enchanted Castle with thee, and try the force of its Charms. Ten to one (interrupted *Adriane*) you may find 'em too strong for you.

you at a long Run. But for my part (the  
 pursued) I am as Resolute as my Friend  
*John Florio*. And so (said she) Coach-  
 Man, open the Door. They all three  
 immediately lighted and went directly  
 toward the Church; just before they  
 came to the Porch, a little dapper old  
 Fellow comes to 'em; and asks 'em, if  
 they had any business with him this  
 Morning. Why saith Friend (said *Poly-  
 dore*) if you can mumble over the Ma-  
 trimony, or so — We have — How?  
 (interrupted *Armadine*) mumble it over?  
 No don't you mistake? I mean to have it  
 as Audibly, Distinctly, Laudably, and  
 Plainly read, as ever I have heard per-  
 spoken on the Stage: But you are in the  
 right on't *Polydore* (continu'd she) for  
 this Right Reverend looks as if he cou'd  
 only mumble it. Well; Madam, (said  
 the little Old Gentleman) I can make a  
 shift to say *Amen* plain enough I warrant  
 you. But Mr. — the Minister is  
 within — And I believe at leisure by this  
 time to do you that Office which he has  
 done this Morning to four Couple more.  
 But, believe me Gentles, you see  
 the

the finest we have seen to day. O! We  
 thank you, Sir, (said Polydor) But pray  
 how long do you Ply here a Days? Ply  
 here Sir! (said he) we expect Company  
 here generally from Six till Twelve.—  
 But see, Sir, (contin'd he) the last Cou-  
 ple are just coming out. I have a little  
 business with 'em, e'r they go. If you  
 please to walk up to the Altar, I'll wait  
 on you before you have done your Com-  
 plements to the Minister. — O! your  
 Servant, good Sir; we don't doubt it  
 (said Polydor, leading Ariadne to the  
 Fatal place.) There Polydor immediately  
 opens their Case, discovers their Griev-  
 vances, and asks a Remedy; Promising  
 him to reward him like a Gentleman.  
 And now (contin'd he, addressing him-  
 self to Ariadne very Obediently and A-  
 morously as cou'd be expected from any  
 Man in his Circumstances) Now I hope  
 you will discover those Perfections which  
 yet I only Adore in Iden's too Imperfect  
 as he call'd the true Shadows of 'em. How  
 do you mean? (said she.) I mean (an-  
 swer'd he) This Cloud must be removed  
 that I may behold the Sun. — Is that,  
 Madam,



*Madam, this Mask must off.* She was very unwilling to unmask, but the Minister urging the necessity of it, she was at last oblig'd to conform. Polydor at the sight of her Beauty stood like a Statue, and was all over Extasy'd with the Apprehension of his future Happiness. But at length recollecting himself, he wou'd fain have knelt to kiss her Hand, but she prevented him, Charging him to forbear expressing his Sentiments of Love, or any other Passion, till the Ceremony was over, and they in a more convenient place: It lasted not long in the performance, but the Effects I think remain to this day.

After the last *Amen*, having before giv'n the Parson a Guinney, and the Clerk and Sexton another, out of which they were to distribute half a Piece to the Poor, (for he was a mighty kind hearted Soul as liv'd, to my knowledge.) After all this Day, and 'tis true, they took Coach, and drove back to *Locke*, where, by the desire of *Ariadne*, Polydor bespoke two or three pretty reasonable Dishes of Meat: And return'd in all haste to lay all the

the most obliging and tender things his  
Soul was capable of uttering.

First he threw himself at her Feet,  
Embrac'd her Knees, kissing her Hands  
by force, and almost wept, with Joy.  
Then on a sudden up he starts, and like  
a milder Tyrant in Love, falls aboard her  
delicate pouting Lips, and Lovely Rising  
Breasts, without so much as giving her  
the opportunity to chide him. *Hold—*

*Hold Polydor (said she at last) I must  
make Articles with you. Hear me I charge  
you. For this day is all mine, as it be the  
last I must command in.* — *O I say not*

*to my Soul (said he almost out of Breath)*  
*[Thou shalt ever command me. — Ob-*

*serve then (said Ariadne) — If you will*

*sit quietly by me, and once in a quarter of  
an Hour kiss me; I will now force my  
self this first time to kiss a Man. — Ah*

*(said Polydor looking on her very Am-*

*porously) the your Condition be somewhat*

*hard; yet for the Blessing of a Kiss gi-*

*ven me heartily by you; I will forbear*

*as much as Flesh and Blood can. — Stand*

*fair then (said she) and look on me*

*as you please. — O I beg your Pardon (said*

*Polydor)*

*Polydor*) I shall lose the satisfaction of  
 encountring your Eyes then ; which is  
 above half the pleasure of your Obliga-  
 tion ; tho I cou'd easily be perswaded to  
 look that way, were not *Ariadne* here.  
 Well then (said she smiling and blushing  
 at the same time) I'll shut my Eyes. O  
 that's cruel (cry'd *Miranda* :) No, no,  
 fair play ought to be, Cousin : Come  
 Advance, and do't as you shou'd ! Can  
 you Instruct me then ? (said *Ariadne*.)  
 No matter, Madam, (interrupted *Poly-*  
*dor*) Let Love instruct you.

*Well ! Have at you then* (cry'd she  
 throwing her Arms about his Neck,  
 and shedding Tears which I ought to  
 have call'd Pearls, according to the Lau-  
 dable custom of other Writers : But  
 these were only Briny Tears, nothing  
 else in the World ; which she meerly di-  
 still'd from her Brain through excess of  
 Joy, I presume :) *Now my dear Polydor*  
*(said she giving him a Thousand Kisses)*  
*Are you now convinc'd Ariadne loves you?*  
*I am so well convinc'd, and so extreamly sen-*  
*sible of my happiness, (said he) that I wou'd*  
*not change circumstances with the happy and*



*Amorous Mark Anthony, were he now living with his Cleopatra. O (said she, retreating a little) I must take care you do not surfeit on't. Too much will cloy you. Ah! how Cruel are you now (said Polydor, pursuing her) can you imagin I shou'd surfeit before I have tasted! How! Before you have tasted! (replyed Ariadne) Why, I believe by this time you are able to distinguish the touch of my Lips, from any Ladies in Town, though in the dark, or hoodwink'd; you have already been so familiar with 'em. Alas Madam, (said he) this is but like a Walk and a Glass of Rhenish before Dinner to whet a Mans appetite. Or wou'd you have me be satisfy'd only with the smell of a Dish of Meat that I Love? No, Madam (continu'd he) Consummation is the substantial part of our business. That is yet behind. I don't know what you mean by Consummation (cry'd she) But (methinks) I have already done you all the right in the World. — But (continu'd she looking toward the Door) I am oblig'd to the Waiters who have just brought up Dinner, to prevent any farther descant on so unplea-*

pleasant a Subject. Come (pursu'd she very eagerly) Let us sit, I am hungry. Ay faith and so am I too (said Polydor) and yet though Grace is said and the meat ready, you won't so much as bring it to the Table, that I may fall on. No more Nonsense (interrupted Ariadne.) 'Tis here already, and you may eat if you please. Come! Let us sit Cousin (continu'd she looking on Miranda) The Gentleman (perhaps) has no Stomach yet. Gad but he has, and a swinging one too (said Polydor;) and that you shall find Dear heart, e'r long.

With that he sate him down at the left hand of Ariadne, and eat like a Souldier in a Siege: But drank little. Much good d'it you Don, (said Ariadne) you are welcome to our English Flesh; I fear you have but little on't i' your Countrey: For, to say truth, and speak plain English, you feed like a Farmer. I thank you, (Madam said he, with his Mouth full, and looking another way) so methinks. But (continu'd he, pulling of his Peruke) you shall have better proofs of my eating e'r I ha' done yet. Hold!

Good Sir ! (cry'd *Miranda*) pray keep on your *Perurke*, or I fear we must bespeak another Dish. You may bespeak a dozen more if you please *Madam*, (said he) but I'm afraid you are like to find none of the effects of my eating. No, nor any body else but your self I fancy (said *Ariadne*.) That's as time shall try, sweet heart, (said *Polydor*) But — you may chance to Groan for it.

*Ariadne* could not chuse but Laugh down right to hear him talk and see him eat so heartily. And I believe she was well enough pleased with his Stomach ; for some reason that shall be kept secret at this time.

But pray Sir (said she Laughing) Do you always eat thus? Always Honey ! (replied *Polydor*) Ay : I think I do Child. What then ? Why, nothing, (said she) but only I think it most convenient we shou'd go live in Wales, or in some other Country, where Meat is cheaper than it is here, or you'l eat us out of House and Home.

— Nay-gad (said he, looking a little surly) you need not grudge me my Victuals, for you are like to reap the benefit on't. I thank you Sir (replied *Ariadne*) But I don't



don't care for't at second hand. Lord!  
 (cry'd Polydor lifting up his Hands and  
 Eyes) what a delicate reasonable Wife  
 have I got! I warrant (Continu'd he  
 looking pleasantly on *Ariadne*) you could  
 be satisfy'd barely with Kissing, Eating,  
 and Drinking with me. Nay, I can't  
 tell that, (said she) But I see you are pro-  
 viding against the worst. No, no, Dear  
 Heart (cry'd Polydor, transported with  
 Joy) for the best, for the best *Ariadne*!  
 Nay, (said she) I know ne'r another of  
 the Name besides my self, and if all these  
 pains be taken, for me, I am much oblig'd  
 to you: for (methinks) you sweat at  
 it! I shall before we ha' done (said he)  
 no doubt. Thus did they eat and talk till  
 they were weary of both. The Cloth was  
 taken away, and the Glass went round  
 merrily as long as one Bottle lasted.  
 Then fell Polydor to kissing again: Till  
 he made both himself and his Lady mad:  
 And I'm afraid he did not a little dis-  
 oblige *Miranda*; who was fain to go  
 humming about the Room to divert the  
 Thoughts that sometimes did Assault  
 her.

*Well now (cry'd Ariadne) I swear I can endure no longer! Pray sit farther, and let us parley a little. — You may remember (continued he) you gave me a Ring to day. Ay (said he,) I fancy I did, what of that? Only I mean to return your kindness (said she) pulling of a Rich Diamond-Ring of her finger) pray wear this for my sake,*

*And now (continued she) I must beg you would Entertain your self with the Bottle till our Return; for my Cofin and I must be private for a Minute or two: And that you may not altogether be Drinking, pray take the pains to tell over this Gold, (said she throwing a Purse full on the Table) There should be a Hundred peices: See (Sir,) Your Servant for a time.*

*Nay, nay, said Polydor, I like the Employment pretty well, since I must be rob'd of thy dear Company so long as these two Minutes. Good Sir, (said Miranda) don't be Jealous, I'll be your Argus. If I thought my Ariadne needed Watching, replied he, I would e'en leave her to the wide World; And her*

her own Roving humour. This he spoke Kissing her, she dropt him a Curley and out she went with *Miranda*.

He presently fell to telling the Broad peices, which he found exact y an Hundred in Number: He put them up very carefully, and laid them again on the Table: And took a March three or four times about the Room. At last he be-thought himself, and takes to the Bottle. *Well honest Polydor, said he, her's to thee: Thy dear Ariadnes good health. But I gad merhinks she stays sweetly.* He drank off his glass, and expected almost a quarter of an hour longer with indifferent Patience. But seeing no *Ariadne* come yet, he called up a Waiter, and asked him, where the two Ladies were, that went down about half an hour ago? *Thy took Coach Sir, said the Waiter, as soon as they left you: Why 'tis Impossible. Thou art Drunk sure!* Saying so: He took up the Gold in all hast, and ran down to the Bar to be more fully satisfied of his Misfortune; which he was too soon. He ran up into the Room again, like a man distracted



stracted, where he shut the Door to  
 himself, and fell a railing at all Wo-  
 men kind, *What! fitted thus*, said he,  
 'tis very devilish: *What a dam'd Sot*  
*was I to let her go!* But rather what an  
*Eternal Coxcomb to Marry such a Filt!*  
*This is no more Ariadne, I warrant,*  
*than I am Ariadne.* 'Tis impossible a  
 Person of her *Quality and Education*  
 should be guilty of so lewd an *Action!*  
*Where the Devil should she go! Or*  
*what Business had she, but with me!* I  
 find I am meerly drawn into a *Prison:*  
*Ay, ay, shee's in Debt, i'll lay my Life*  
*on it, and I must suffer the weight of all*  
*the Actions that are laid against her.*  
 — So, hey for a *Prison!* But may she  
 not happily be gone to her *Brothers?* Then  
 shall I look on my self as a rash, *Jealous Fop.*  
*Well (continued he) I am resolved i'll see.*  
 Immediately upon this thought, he flies  
 down *Stairs*, calls for a *Bill*, but he was  
 answered, 'twas all paid. *Paid, Ha!*  
*marry (said he to himself) I like the*  
*Matter the better for this. Come, come!*  
*Cheer up my Heart! All may be well yet.*  
 He call'd presently for a *Coach*, and on  
 he

he drives to Sir *Francis's*: but just as he came near the House, his Courage fail'd him, and he was set down within five or six doors of it. He stood still sometime considering what he shou'd do, whether it were Convenient to go directly thither and ask for her, or to pretend a Visit to her Brother, and so learn in discourse, what was become of *Ariadne*. But at last, he bethought himself of a better Expedient: He knocked at the door, and asked if his Friend were there, with whom he drank in the Morning. The Footman that opened the door to'd him, he was just risen from Dinner with Sir *Francis*: *Prithee, then tell him* (said Polydor) *I would speak with him here.* The Footman did so, and presently led him to Polydor. *O my dear Friend* (said Polydor with a great deal of Concern) *I must needs drink another Bottle with you this Minute; you shall not deny me: I am so very Melancholly and out of humour, that you will be very unkind if you do.* Well (said he) *I'll but just make my baixe les mains to Sir Francis, and stay one half hour with*

*Jon*: He just went in and return'd to his perplex'd Friend. They went to the same House again, where they drank their Mornings Draught together: And *Polydor* began his Circumlocutions before he came to the business. Dear Friend (said he) how happy am I to meet thee again at a time when I stood in most need of thy Company: I have met with an untoward Accident since I left thee; which has so disturb'd me I cannot yet Compose my self. But come! (continu'd he) Help me to divert the thoughts on't. Let's drink and talk of things indifferent! When saw you the Beautiful *Ariadne* whom you so lowdly commended in the Morning? Not since last Night (answered his Friend) she went out o' Town this Morning before seven a' Clock as far as *St. Albans*, to a Cousin of hers who is taken desperately ill; one whom she loves most dearly. *Sir Francis* went with her himself as far as *High-Gate*: She had an Hackney Coach and four Horses that waited on her thither empty, till she left her Brother. Ha! (said *Polydor*) does she go often out of Town, has she such



such frequent Excursions, She's hardly at Home (reply'd his Friend) three days in a Week together. A pretty sort of a Lady (cry'd Polydor :) Is it a he Cousin, or, a she Cousin, she's gone to Visit? A very pretty Lady 'tis ile assure you (said he.) Why dost not thou strike in with this same Ariadne, or with some of her fine Cousins? (said Polydor.) O she's too great for me! Besides she has been engaged to a Person of very considerable Quality above these three Months.

O Curfed Jealousie! A hopeful Spark, and a kind Friend indeed was this same Marwood to Polydor! Now she was no more Engaged than her Monkey. Only he loved her himself, and spoke this least his Friend should have any thoughts of attempting her. And indeed he said enough to make Polydor mad, and to confirm him in the opinion that he had Married a Cheat instead of an Heiress. However, he forced himself to look and talk as pleasantly as was possible for a Man in his Condition: till at last the Bottle being out, Marwood was in hast to be  
gone.

one to his beloved Knight, which made both part very easily with one another. *Polydor* for his part walk'd very disconsolately into the Park, to the fatal place where he first saw the false fair One, as he was pleased to call her in his Dumps. The first thing he reflected on was the Pond. *Humb!* (said he) *Rosamonds Pond!* What a dull Beast was I not to apprehend the ill Omen, in the very Name of the place where we first met! that ever I should hope to find an honest Woman at a place that took its Name from a lewd Strumpet! Very fine, faith! As if it were impossible to encounter a good Woman there because of the Name it had! When I dare say, I have seen above twenty Citizens Wives and Daughters at that very place; Nay, if I should say forty, I should not Ly. And whether they could be light or dishonest, I leave all the Town to determine. Nay, more, I my self have walked thither with a Shekindred of my own, of about 7 or 8 years Old, but I must confess, I cannot swear she was a Maid, yet it is not improbable but she might be

be a very good one. But now to our Hero, who all this while has been Cursing the Pond, and Comparing himself to a decoy'd Duck. *Heavens!* (continued he) was not the sight of those sufficient Caution to thee, to prevent thy Rain! Then bending his thoughts another way (he pursued) *I am glad I did not Bed her: I'll sue her to a divorce now, and swear point blank she stole me.* — (Did not he talk like a Madman now!) But he soon recollected his stragling Senses, and (cry'd) *Fool that I am! was ever such a thing heard of! O Death and the Devil* (continued he) *Whoever She be, She is Beautiful enough to tempt any man to make me a Monster! A Cuckold! Which (perhaps) is just now in Agitation. — O Justice! Justice! How many of my own intimate acquaintance have served so! Not to name Strangers and Forreigners. — Well! I am at last overtaken, and now I pay for all! For all of them put together could never have made half such a Beauty as my false Ariadne! My Filting Ariadne, my Devil, Damn'd impostour Ariadne!*



*riadne ! Yet one Comfort is ( continued he looking on the Diamond Ring she gave him ) My Cheat is a Cheat of Quality : for I am sure this Stone is Right, and the Gold is good old Gold ! Marwood said Shee's gone to St. Albans ; why let her go to the Devil ! who would ride twenty Miles to see himself made a Cuckold ! Ah but ( continued he ) That is the true Ariadne. VVell ! ——— True or false, I'll write to her. But first I'll go Play off ten or twenty pieces that I may write more easily.*

*In this Resolution he went to look for Company, at most of the Gaming Houses in Town ; and at last he met two or three of his Acquaintance at Banisters in the City , where he fell to Play ; And fortune, as if she designed to make him amends for the trick she plaid him so lately ; threw every Dy to his advantage, so that in two Hours time, he had won above forty Guineys : So wee'll leave him, to find what's become of our two *Ladys Errant*. They were by this time gotten almost as far as *St. Albans* : for 'twas true, that her*  
*Brother*

Brother left her at *Highgate* in the Morning; but he was no sooner out of sight, but she turned and made for St. *James's*, but as soon as she came into Town, she bid the Coachman take out two of the Horses, and so went to meet her *Polydor*.

Now, her Cousin was in as good health as I am at this present writing praised — for the same (as my Mothers Maid, I remember used to begin her Letters, when I writ them for her, about twenty years ago.) But it was a trick of *Ariadnes* to cover her real design of Marrying that very Morning, who had counterfeited a Letter as from her Cousin, whose hand she knew perfectly well, and shew'd it to her Brother. But (perchance) you will ask me why she did not take her own Coach and Horses to perform that Journey? for certainly that was easier, and looked greater! But did ever I tell you she kept a Coach? yes, now you shall know she did. However, she foresaw the inconvenience if she had met *Polydor* in her own Coach; and besides her Servants

vants would have been witnesses of what she intended to conceal, had she returned to Town with them about her. And again, I believe she was willing to spare her own Horses. Now are you satisfied?

As they were within two Miles of their Journeys End (said *Miranda* to her fair Cousin) For Heavens sake, what is in your mind, that you leave your Husband the very first day of your Marriage? I should not have wondered had you left him after the Honey-moon; I mean if you had fairly taken your leave of him for a week or so: But this (methinks) is a little inhumane. Alas! How dull thou art my Dear! (repl'd *Ariadne*) I design to try his Patience and his Constancy; and all the World shall not dissuade me from treating him much more severely yet, for some days: I Married him too soon, to be acquainted with all his Humours; but I am resolved, I will know most of 'em, ere we come closer together. And I think it is but a just Punishment for his easiness, in so soon believing a Stranger, in a matter of so great



great Importance. I like his Address and Discourse well enough; nay so well, that I was obliged to make the more hast from him, lest he should have made me repent of my purpose.

Nay, (said Miranda) I very well know the pretty innocent extravagances of your humour, and am sensible, you are not to be prevailed on to forbear them, especially when they carry with them any shew of Reason. But (continued she) how long my Dear dost thou intend to torment him? Why — This day Sennight (reply'd Ariadne) I mean to give him my self, and all that I have for Ever, and Ever, and Amen. Well be sure you do (said Miranda) Or I'll be certain to discover all to him the very next day following. I give you leave (cry'd she) but not a word on it before, if thou hast any kindness for me. Be confident (said her Cousin) I will be silent. Nay, 'tis your best way: let me tell you (reply'd Ariadne) for fear I should be revenged on you, and let Maxwood know how passionately you love him. You won't be so inhuman I hope (interrupted Miranda) do you think I shall  
ever

ever be able to see any of our acquaintance again if you do? Never disturb your self ( said Ariadne ) I only shew you how easily, and bravely I could be Revenged on you, if you begin first.

By this time they found themselves at the Ladys House they went to Visit, they presently alighted and went in; where they were received with all imaginable Kindness and Respect, and the more because their Coming was unexpected, and the obligation pleasantly surprising. Here I must take my leave of them, and look a little back for my friend *Polyder*: who that Night came off a Winner by threescore Guineys, pretty well laden with Wine too, which made him sleep that Night the more soundly, ( perhaps ) without ever so much as dreaming on his Bride; for Wine let me tell you, is a Sovereign Remedy against Love, especially if the infection be but newly received: Besides, he was a Man of a strong Resolution, and could swagger it out most Modishly: yet when he gave his mind to it, could Love like a Sparrow,  
and

and as Constantly as any Turtle. In the Morning he waked between 7 and 8, for you must know it was past One ere he got into Bed :and he usually slept six hours upon a Tack, and that che fly when he had been Drinking over Night. The first thing he did was to examine his Pockets , which he found pretty weighty on one side, and on the other all his old Gold intire in the Purse. His hands indeed were dirty, and he had all the other signs of a Bacchanalian, but an empty Pocket. He was generally very pleasant, and witty. after a Debauch; for he was always sure to drink the best Wines. Well ! He lay till Eight reflecting on his Good and Evil Fortune, at length , after he had stretched and wished for his *Ariadne* ; false or true, she would then have serv'd turn : After that (I say ) he turns out and dresses. When he had done that, and his Devotions , he sat him down, and writ as follows.

To:



# To Ariadne.

Madam,

**I** Had the good Fortune yesterday to be  
in a place where I presume you dropt  
a Purse of Gold and a Diamond-Ring,  
which I am come to restore, and only beg,  
you wou'd permit me the honour of kissing  
your hand: I fear, I am utterly a stran-  
ger to you, yet I beseech you (Madam)  
Refuse not this Obligation to

Your Ladyships most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

Beaufort.

When he had Written it, he knew not  
where to direct it: And was in a Thou-  
sand Perplexities about it, but in the end  
he took heart of Grace, and resolv'd on  
a Visit

a Visit to Sir Francis Heartwell, with whom, 'twas ten to one, but he found *Marwoud*. He took Coach then immediately, and came soon enough to his Brother in Law's House to take him at home; and to his greater satisfaction there was *Marwoud* too: Tho he did not in the least contribute to his Information of the place of *Ariadne's* Retreat, as it happen'd. For, after the first Complements were over, Sir Francis sat him down to make an end of a Letter, which he was then dispatching to his Sister, to enquire of his Cousin's Health, or if there were any need of his Presence? As soon as he had finish'd it, he desir'd *Marwoud* to fold it up, Seal it and Write the Superscription? For (said he) *I have not seen Polydor so long, that I am unwilling to lose one Minute of his Conversation. You! must direct it* (continu'd he) *To my Sister, at my Lady Courtin's, two Miles wide of St. Alban's. Polydor,* overjoy'd at such a Blessed Opportunity of seeing the true *Ariadne* with a Letter from her Brother. Immediately offer'd his Service to present it to her; Adding,  
It

It cou'd be no trouble to him, because he had oblig'd himself to be at St. Albans by two a' Clock at farthest. Sir Francis to'd him, by no means he wou'd be guilty of such a Rudeness; and that he had already commanded one of his Servants to deliver it, and to bring him an account of his Cousin's Health, the next day assoon as possible. Polydor urg'd on the other side, that he must of necessity return himself too, the next day, before Dinner, to meet Company at Banisters. However, Sir, (said the over Courteous Knight) I can by no means permit it. Polydor was then just going to tell him that he had business with her, and discover the Ring and the Gold to them, and how he came by 'em; but that he consider'd, if they shou'd not prove Sir Francis's Sisters, they wou'd but Laugh at him for his Credulity; or, if they were really hers; she on the other side might be displeased at the discovery

But after all, he determin'd with himself to set out with the Knight's Servant, and to his greater Comfort, he understood the Footman was not to begin his Journey



Journey till after Dinner : For he was to carry some things with him from the Change, which cou'd not be ready till about one. *Polydor* therefore had time enough to provide him of a good Horse ; which he did assoon as he parted from *Sir Francis* and *Marwoud*.

After he was fix'd with every thing for his Journey, he betook him to a little Alehouse almost over against the Knights House, whence assoon as he saw the Footman come ; he mounted and follow'd him at a convenient distance. 'Tis true, he let him ride a good way before him till they got clear off the Stones ; but about a Mile out o' Town, he overtook him. *O Friend* (said *Polydor*) *well overtaken !* *Your Servant* (said the Footman) *I'm very glad that I shall have the honour to wait on you most part of your Journey. I thank thee* (reply'd *Polydor*.)  
 — *But — What !* (continu'd he) *Is it your young Lady, Madam — A — Ariadne that is sick ?* *No Sir,* (answered the Servant) *'Tis a Cousin of hers. Nay* (said *Polydor*) *I only ask'd that Question, because Mr. Marwoud gave me*  
 this

*this Letter just as I left your Master and him, and I think he talk'd of something there was of advice in it: Saying so, he gave him his own Letter to Ariadne. Is this for my Lady Sir (said the Footman.) Yes, (answer'd Polydor) for your Masters Sister. I'll take care to deliver it, Sir (said the Footman.) Prithee do! (reply'd Polydor) There is an answer required, and pray let me have it; for, I have engag'd my self to bring him whatever she is pleas'd to send him. I Prophecy (said the Servant) What her answer will be: For I am sure this is a Love-Letter. Nay, may be so (cry'd Polydor.) However (contin'd the Footman) I'll deliver it very faithfully to her, for I have a great respect for my honest Master Marwoud. I'm sure. (added he) I have had many a Half-Crown of him, nay, many a Crown, I may say; since I have known him. O (cry'd Polydor) if thou had'st not spoke on't, I fear, my Memory is so Treacherous, I shou'd ha' done thee wrong. Here (contin'd he pulling Money out of his Pocket) Here's a Guinny for thee which he sent thee. I thank you Sir, (said*

(said the Footman receiving it) But he is always too bountiful; I would ha' serv'd him ten times more without a quarter of this. No doubt of that (said Polydor) But prithee (continu'd he) what answer dost thou think she'll send him? Alas Sir (reply'd the Footman) a very cold or scornful one, I fear. Then she does not Love him? (said Polydor) O, no Sir: I believe (said the Footman) she would not endure to see him, were it not in Compliance to Sir Francis. How so! (cry'd Polydor) he is a handsome Man. Ah, Sir! (answer'd the Footman) As long as she does not think him so; what advantage is his handsomness to him; in that case! Th'art in the right (said Polydor) But — How long has he lov'd her? Above these 2 Years (reply'd the Servant) They had a great deal more discourse concerning Ariadne's Scorn, and Marmion's Love, which Entertain'd 'em till they came within two Miles of the House where the Footman was to go. Now (Friend, (said Polydor) since, as thou say'st, we are so near the Lady's house; show me some little blind Ale-house or hedge



Tavern as high as it may be: That I may expect an answer of Marwood's Letter, by the soon as possible. I will Sir, (said the Footman.)

So they Rode on a Mile farther, and the Footman Lodg'd him at a little thatched House, where they sold good Nappy Ale. There Polydor treated himself and his Horse, which drank Ale as freely as his Rider did Clarice. Polydor was Cursing Marwood heartily, though as yet he was not certain whether it was his Ariadne or no. In the meantime the Footman came to his Post, and delivered his Letters.

Ariadne not knowing Polydor's hand, and being very curious to see what was in his Letter, opened it first: and looking then on the Name, she was much more surpris'd by reading it; she began to guess who 'twas. What manner of Gentleman (said she to the Footman) who has given you this? A very fine handsome Gentleman, Madam; (reply'd the Footman) something with the waist, extremely shapely, yet very strongly so, of a dark brown Complexion, and black Eyes,

Eyes, with a few marks of the small Pox in his Face. By this Description she knew it must be Polydor. Well (said she smiling, which she could not forbear) don't set up your Horse yet, you must go fetch the Gentleman hither. With that she goes immediately to the young Lady her Cousin, to whom she had already related her adventure with Polydor, and desires her Assistance in tormenting him a little. (Said she) I must get you to Personate me. Here is the Letter he sent me. But you must tell him, you know nothing of a Ring or of Gold: these and a few more Instructions made the young Lady Dorothea, (for so she was call'd) very perfect in her part. *Miranda* and *Ariadne* were to keep out of sight.

When they had agreed upon all circumstances to deceive him, *Ariadne* sent the Footman to tell Polydor, that his Lady *Ariadne*, desired to see him, and charged him, not to describe her Person to him, but to bring him directly to *Dorothea*.

The honest Fellow obliged her very

exactly, and brought Polydor to Dorothea, who by this time really thought herself to be *Ariadne*. Polydor at the sight of her, was so confounded and grieved to find it was not his *Ariadne*, that he was ready to sink down. Dorothea seeing him in that rueful Posture began first, Sir (said she) *I suppose this is your Letter to me. It is (Madam) reply'd Polydor, fetching a deep sigh) but I find my Errour, you are not the Lady Madam. Indeed I am not Sir, (answered Dorothea.) No! (Madam Interrupted Polydor, with a pittyous Groan) To my Eternal shame, Sorrow and Confusion, you are not my Ariadne. Pardon me, I beseech you Madam! and to show you that this is not meerly a Pretence; see here the Ring, and the Purse of Gold, which I wrote of to your Ladyship. I once more beg you would forgive this Rudeness, and forget Beaufort. I am your most Obedient Servant Madam, Continued he bowing and went out.*

The Compassionate pretty Lady was so concerned for him, that she was once or twice going to call him back to



to discover the fallacy to Him? But knowing *Ariadne's* humour she durst not for fear of disobligeing her. However she went to her, with resolution to chide her severely, for so ill treating so handsome a Gentleman ( as she call'd him ) and one who She durst engage loved her most passionately. So much the better ( said *Ariadne* ) I am glad to hear it. But ere it be too late ( continued she ) I must dispatch this Fellow that came with him to observe where he takes up his Quarters; for you have not performed half your part with him yet. O Heavens! ( cry'd *Dorothea* almost ready to weep ) I am resolv'd I'll not torture the poor wretch any more. Let *Miranda* do't as She will! — So I promise you, She should ( reply'd *Ariadne* ) if it were convenient, but She knows her too well. And in short ( continued she ) you are the surest Person alive. My Dear ( purfu'd she, sweetning the tone of her Voice, and kissing her Cheek ) you must oblige me. Nay ( said *Dorothea* ) since my *Ariadne* says there is a Necessity for it, I shall obey. Well ( said *Ariadne* ) I thank thee

my Dear, I'll instruct thee presently, as soon as I have sent this Footman after him. Which she did immediately, and returned to her fair Scholar, and her Dear Miranda. Now (said she to the first) You must know I will write a most passionate Love-Letter to him, as if I had fall'n in Love with him at first sight, and invite him hither, where you are to second what I shall write, and pretend you are deeply in Love with him. O fy! (interrupted Dorothea) I profess you impose a very difficult task on me; and to say truth, I am the rather more averse to this, lest in pretending it, I should really Love him — O! No, (reply'd Ariadne) think on me, and you are secure enough. Yet I vow to you (interrupted Miranda) 'tis very hard to Counterfeit love to a Man of his Address and Person. Very fine (cry'd Ariadne) I see I have two dangerous Rivals of you. Yet this must be done. Be satisfied! (said Dorothea) It shall, It shall. Thus as they had been discoursing, and plotting against poor wretched Polydar, for about an hours space; The Footman returned and

and gave them an Account of his as my betaken himself to the Liberties of the House where he left him at 4y (purſu'd how long he would continue there, he could not poſitively ſay.

*Ariadne* upon this wrote a Letter immediately, as ſhe had before deſign'd, and oblig'd the Compaſſionate *Dorothea* to Act out her part, while *Poleydor* lay Raving on a Flock-Bed in the little Alc-Houſe, not at all regarding or fearing the Vermin that might aſſault him. Now if I had been he, I would rather have ſat down and drank with my Horſe, than have ventured my Boots in ſo ſuſpicious a Place. For all my delight is in clean Linnen, (as the *VVench* ſaid when ſhe waſhed her diſh-Clout.) But he not at all Curious, Sollicitous, Anxious or uneasy for his Apartment; began a large and bitter Satyr againſt *VWomen*; and concluded with no great Encomium of his own Diſcretion. *Alas* (ſaid he) was ever man ſo Credulous & ſo eaſily deluded; by a little Lord jiſting Seruſſet! O Beaſt! and which is worſt; O Cuckold! (continued he, ſcratching his



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 as soon as I have sent this Footman after  
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Ale-House, not at all regarding or fear-  
ing the Vermin that might assault him.  
Now if I had been he, I would rather  
have sat down and drank with my  
Horse, than have ventured my Boots in  
so suspicious a Place. For all my de-  
light is in clean Linnen, (as the *VVench*  
said when she washed her dish-Clout.)  
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began a large and bitter Satyr against  
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Encomium of his own Discretion. *Alas*  
(said he) was ever man so Gradulous!  
so easily deluded; by a little Lord jilting  
Serumpet! O Beast! and which is worst;  
O Cuckold! (continued he, scratching  
his

re it did not itch.) Now had  
 enchify'd, and had it been  
 re, or Fall of the Leaf, it were  
 not Ridiculous to suppose he might  
 have Entertained his fingers ends with  
 a budding Maid or two; But I dare  
 assure you, he was as sound as a Roach,  
 and besides it was Summer. Yet tho  
 he was thus tender of his Honour, he  
 could not but admire and commend to  
 himself his *Ariadnes* Beauty and Hu-  
 mour. O! (cry'd he aloud) *were not*  
*this Creature false,* (for did you mark?  
 that's generally the first word your Jeal-  
 ous or forsaken Loverscall one another)  
 'had she not been false, (*repeated he*)  
 'she were worth a Thousand such *Ari-*  
 'adnes as I saw last, yet I must own by  
 'the little notice I took of her, she was  
 'extreamly Beautiful too! — But (*con-*  
 'tinned he all in a rage) my Devil is so  
 'Charming, that if she were already re-  
 'ally a Devil, (*as in time no doubt She*  
 'may) she would invite a Saint to her  
 'Embraces. Well! I am a Cuckold!  
 'and I he go herd in the City, my Horns  
 'will not be perceived there: at least  
 they



' they may not be so notorious as my  
 ' Elder Brothers the Deputies of the  
 ' Ward where I live. *Ay, Ay* (pursu'd  
 ' he ) and I'll throw off my Sword, and  
 ' turn as great a Cheat as any Tradesman  
 ' of them all ! As great a Rebel, and as  
 ' great an Hypocrite as any Puritan  
 ' Villain among them, nay more. ( ad-  
 ' ded he fiercely ) I cou'd almost find  
 ' in my heart to write Pamphlets a-  
 ' gainst the D. and call the Kings  
 ' late most Gracious Declaration a Libel.  
 ' But hold, *said he coming a little to*  
 ' *himself,* It must not go there. No,  
 ' let her be damn'd by her self, I will  
 ' not perswade my self to these Imp-  
 ' ties lest I keep her Company. Ah,  
 ' Polydor ! *continued he ;* what will thy  
 ' Mother, thy Brother, thy Sisters, and all  
 ' thy Relations say to this, will they not  
 ' scorn thee ? will they not point at thee,  
 ' and shun thee ? For there is nothing  
 ' in the World so contemptible to each  
 ' other, as Relations, when any one of  
 ' them Miscarries. Nay, and it carries  
 ' with it some shew of Reason. 'Tis a  
 ' disgrace to the whole Family ! What

‘ *says one*, Marry a VVhore! A Jilt! O  
 ‘ Devil! — Why I shall become a  
 ‘ Town-talk! Be sung about the Streets  
 ‘ in a Ballad to the tune of *Fortune my*  
 ‘ *Foe*. Married! *says another*, with a  
 ‘ Plague, what need he have Married!  
 ‘ He always seemed averse to it. — But  
 ‘ I beg your pardon Sir, *pursu’d he*, If  
 ‘ this Woman had been really what she  
 ‘ pretended, I would not have been un-  
 ‘ married for an Empire. — But shees  
 ‘ False! and I am Lost, Ruin’d, and E-  
 ‘ ternally miserable.

If all this shou’d be true now that he  
 says, there is no body but would pity  
 him. But Well! He said no more for  
 the present: only he hurried up and  
 down about the Room most Violently;  
 as I have seen a Mouse looking for a hole  
 to escape at. In this motion *Ariadnes*  
 Messenger found him, and delivered his  
 Lady’s Letter to him, which held these  
 words.

S I R,

S I R,

Though you mistook, when you thought  
 you had found a Ring and Gold that  
 belonged to me; yet I am not mistaken  
 in accusing you, as the Man that has  
 stol'n my Heart and Rob'd me of my  
 Quiet: which unless you immediat-  
 ly restore with your Presence, I am re-  
 solv'd to haunt you, as long as I am

Aria:ne.

Hey day, (cry'd Polydor with a  
 scornful Smile) 'What's here! more  
 'sport for Fortune! Her Ladyship (me-  
 'thinks) is merrily disposed at presen-  
 'Pray honest Friend and fellow Tra-  
 'veller (said he to the Footman) what  
 'does your Lady mean by this? Alas  
 '(Sir reply'd the Footman) I thought  
 'that Paper had fully discover'd her In-  
 'tentions to you: I am only to entreat  
 'you would please to let me wait on  
 'you to her Immediately. Humh!  
 'Immediately! (cry'd Polydor to him-  
 self)



'self) Her Ladyship's mighty warm on  
 'the suddain! But I' gad, shee's mista-  
 'ken her Man, as it happens. The curse  
 'on't is, nothing will go down with me  
 'now, but that same other fallie *Ariad-*  
 '*ne*. How ever I shall oblige her so far  
 'for her Brothers sake, for Civility's  
 'sake, and for our Families sake, who  
 'never refus'd a Visit to a pretty Lady.  
 'There may (perhaps) too, be more  
 'Gold, or more Rings coming; but I  
 'fear, I shan't deserve 'em. Poor La-  
 'dy! I'm sorry for her. I am an Elder  
 'Brother in my humour, and cannot  
 'drudge for a Livelyhood. Well! Come  
 'Friend (continued he turning to the  
 Footman) *I'll go with you*, so on they  
 walk'd to the Lady, where I'll leave  
 'em a while.

His Guide soon Conducted him to  
 the Counterfeit *Ariadne*, who expected  
 him in her Closet, as soon as she saw  
 him, she was in such disorder, and her  
 thoughts were so confus'd, that she cou'd  
 not say one word to him. She blush'd  
 and cast down her Eyes, as if she had  
 really been Guilty of loving him. *Po-*  
*lydor*

*Polydor* took notice of it; And began;  
 shewing her the Billet she sent him. 'If  
 ' this Paper (*Madam*) has discover'd more  
 ' than you will own, be pleased to con-  
 ' demn it to the Flames, and Sacrifice  
 ' it to your Indignation. I must confess  
 ' (*continu'd he*) 'tis that has occasion'd  
 ' you the trouble of a second Visit —  
 By this time she had pretty well reco-  
 ver'd her self, and answer'd him. 'Tis  
 ' true Sir, that Paper has caus'd the  
 ' Confusion, which (*perhaps*) you might  
 ' observe I was in at the sight of  
 ' you. But if it had not done me the  
 ' good Office of discovering my dearest  
 ' thoughts to you; believe me, I shou'd  
 ' have had no little difficulty to perswade  
 ' my self to it. And (*continu'd she*) I  
 ' must needs Justify what you have read  
 ' there. But I must Chide you, (*pur-*  
 ' *sue'd she with an obliging smile*) I  
 ' must Chide you *Beaufort* for calling  
 ' that a Trouble, which is the greatest  
 ' Obligation you could have done me  
 ' at present. Pray sit (*said she taking*  
*him by the hand*) they both sat down,  
*Polydor* fixing his Eyes on hers, as if  
 he

he seem'd to ask them what she would  
 be at? ' You expect (perhaps said Do-  
 ' rothea) that I should make an Apolo-  
 ' gy for my Modesty, which probably  
 ' you may think I have violated, in  
 ' treating thus familiarly with a Stran-  
 ' ger. But I shall only say, you are  
 ' very unkind if you do, since you were  
 ' the cause of it your self. And give  
 ' me leave to add, 'twas Love, 'twas  
 ' Almighty Love that forc'd me to this  
 ' Extravagance. Besides (pursu'd she)  
 ' I did not know how soon you would  
 ' leave us and the Country: nor could  
 ' I tell where to have enquired of you.  
 ' Madam (reply'd Polydor) I confess, it  
 ' had not been very easy to have met  
 ' with me by that name. And I beseech  
 ' you pardon me (continued he) and I  
 ' will undeceive you. *He paus'd, but*  
 ' *seeing she expected he should proceed.*  
 ' My name (pursu'd he) is Polydor; I  
 ' am not altogether unknown to your  
 ' Brother Sir Francis. Why then (in-  
 ' terrupted Dorothea) did you borrow  
 ' an other name. Because Madam (re-  
 ' ply'd he) I would have been wholly  
 ' dif-



' disguis'd to you, for some Reasons  
 ' that are not fit to be discours'd. And  
 ' I beg you (*Madam added he*) not to  
 ' press me to the discovery of them.  
 ' Alas! I do not mean it Sir, (*reply'd*  
 ' the fair Impostor) I have other Busi-  
 ' nefs with you, and of greater Mo-  
 ' ment to my self. I have Proposals to  
 ' make to you which (*happily*) may not  
 ' prove absolutely Disadvantageous to  
 ' you, if embrac'd. I love you (*Poly-*  
 ' *dor continued she, without suffering*  
 ' him to speak.) ' And I love you so pas-  
 ' sionately, that I can be capable of no  
 ' rest, nor sensible of any Joy; unless  
 ' you justly answer me. Nay Madam  
 ' (*Interrupted Polydor*) ' As for that mat-  
 ' ter I can Love as fast, and as well as  
 ' any man. And I am ready to do your  
 ' Ladyship any Civil Kindness. Ah  
 ' (*cry'd she*) ' I fear you mistake me, *Po-*  
 ' *lydor!* my desires and designs are ho-  
 ' nest and Honourable. — We must  
 ' Marry (*continued Dorothea*) if you  
 ' mean to make me Happy; If you will  
 ' not kill a poor Lady that languishes for  
 ' you. How! Marry! — (*Interrop-*  
 ' *ted*

'ted he) you don't know what you ask  
 'Madam. I wish I could with all my  
 'heart! But I have seen enough of that  
 'already. I hope in Heaven (*cry'd Doro-*  
 '*rothea all in a surprize*) you are not  
 'Married. Are you? If I be not; (*an-*  
 '*swered Polydor*) I have seen the fatal  
 'Consequences of it in others. No, no  
 'Madam (*continued he*) no more of that!  
 'such another word and I shall Sworn,  
 'though I nere use to do so. Why (*re-*  
 '*ply'd Dorothea*) am I so contemptible  
 'then? if you are any way acquainted  
 'with my Brother, you may (perhaps)  
 'have heard my Fortunes are not. And  
 '(*pursu'd she*) could it enter into your  
 'thoughts, that the Sister of Sir *Fran-*  
 '*cis Heartwell* could ask any thing but  
 'Marriage of you, after the Declarati-  
 'on of her Love? Ah (*Madam said*  
 '*Polydor Kneeling*) for Heavens sake  
 'forgive me! I am certain you would  
 '(*added he*) if you knew my wretched,  
 'Curled, Circumstances. Heaven  
 'knows (*pursu'd he, looking very A-*  
 '*mourously on her*) I would soon em-  
 'brace so advantageous an offer. if it  
 'were

' were convenient for either of us. Seek  
 ' not I beseech you (continued he with  
 ' a sigh) seek not to know the miserable  
 ' Obstacle. Be satisfied, I am lost  
 ' (Madam!) Condemned to perpetual  
 ' Infamy while here I Live! My Re-  
 ' putation is Damn'd, my Fortune and  
 ' my Rest for ever broken: And my  
 ' Liberty is no more! Ah pity Madam,  
 ' (pursu'd he with a hearty sigh) pity  
 ' a miserable Creature, that is not cap-  
 ' able of receiving the Happiness your  
 ' Goodness would throw away upon  
 ' him! And now (contin'd he rising).  
 ' Permit me I beg of you to retire, and  
 ' Curse my Evil Stars, which have  
 ' heap'd so great Misfortunes on me,  
 ' only for my Credulity; suffer me I  
 ' Conjure you by your Excellent good  
 ' Humour, to retire, that I may Rave  
 ' freely alone! that I may either shake  
 ' off the thoughts of my Misery, or  
 ' sink under 'em. O Heavens! (cry'd  
 ' *Dorothea* weeping, which by no means  
 ' she could refrain,) such was the sweet-  
 ' ness of her Temper, I pity you  
 ' from my Soul. Alas! I cannot but  
 ' be.



'be too sensible that you are much Af-  
 'flicted. And I wish heartily it were  
 'in my Power or Art to relieve you.  
 'You may go. (continued he) since you  
 'must, and will go. But I beseech you,  
 'as ever you hope to regain your Quiet,  
 'Let me at all times know where to  
 'find you. Be confident Madam, you shall  
 (said *Polydor* kissing her Hand) and ma-  
 king his Obeysance very humbly to the  
 very Door, he left her gazing after him.

When he was quite out of sight, she  
 went to her cruel Cousin whom she rail-  
 ly'd severely for making her Instrument  
 in Torturing the Poor mistaken *Polydor*.  
 —But to her greater dissatisfaction, she  
 understood, that she had a Scene or two  
 more to play of her part yet: Which  
*Ariadne* began to instruct her in. While  
*Polydor* retreated to his little Thatch'd  
 house; where he weigh'd every Circum-  
 stance of this Last Adventure.

'Heavens! (cry'd he) was there ever  
 'so unfortunate a Fellow as I am, to be  
 'abus'd by a Counterfeit *Ariadne*, when  
 'I might really have had the true one!  
 'But, perhaps, I had never seen the last  
 'had

' had it not been in quest of the first.  
 ' 'Tis strange ! Methinks, there is still  
 ' something that hangs about my Heart  
 ' and will not let me hate that naughty  
 ' Woman, nor I fear I shou'd receive  
 ' her again, were I assur'd of her Vir-  
 ' tue : Were I confident she were not  
 ' in Debt, or had I but an Estate to pay  
 ' her Debts, whatever they were ; up-  
 ' on the assurance of her truth to me : I  
 ' shou'd take her into my Bosom. O  
 ' easy Fool that I am ! I am certain I  
 ' shou'd, Shee's witchingly fair ! I  
 ' cannot for my Soul forget her Beauty.  
 ' Her Humour too so justly answers  
 ' mine ; that'twere too great a Blessing  
 ' for me to enjoy her had she but Ho-  
 ' nour too. — But O ! (*continu'd he*)  
 ' I have lost a Diamond for a Pebble. Is  
 ' that so strange ! Alas ! I have lost my  
 ' self. — But well (*pursued he*) I'll to  
 ' Town, and strive to divert the  
 ' Thoughts of my ill Fortune and Dis-  
 ' grace with Company and Play. I  
 ' may meet there with somebody as  
 ' wretched as my self : And then wee'll  
 ' sit and Rail, and Curse Fortune, Wo-  
 ' men,

men, and our own Follies — Hold,  
*Polydor* ! Hold ! (*pursu'd he after a  
 little Pause*) Do's this become the  
 greatness of thy Spirit ! No ; I will  
 suffer quietly and silently. I'll be as  
 great a Stoick as the best of 'em. Nay  
 more ; I'll bear my Afflictions like a  
 Christian Woman, I forgive thee.  
 Thou hast not Damned me yet. Thou  
 hast only made me forfeit all my Hap-  
 piness on Earth, unless I find it here,  
 here in my Breast. I first must drive  
 thee out and then I may. Alas ! Thou  
 couldst not help this Treachery ! It is  
 Entail'd upon thy Sex. Heaven has  
 ordain'd that you shou'd all be false.  
 Made Soft and Fair the easier to De-  
 ceive.

*'Twas not the Fruit nor Serpent ruin'd  
 Man :*

*O no ! The Woman look'd the Sin into  
 him !*

*Shee Smil'd and rais'd strong Appetites  
 within him :*

*The Mighty Charm prevail'd ! The glo-  
 rious Bait.*

*He.*



*He speedily devour'd ; and in one moment*

*Thus Poyson'd all his Pure, Immaculate Soul !*

*And left his Son's weak Preys to's subtle Daughters !*

*So (continu'd he Recollecting himself) I can Preach I see, upon occasion. However, this is no place to Preach in ; the Night comes on apace ; I will to Town in spite of Darkness. With that, he call'd for his Horse and a Pen, Ink, and Paper ; which with much ado he got : But, I believe, his Hostess was forc'd to tear a blank Leaf out of the Practise of Piety or some such Book ; or, for ought I know, it might as well be torn out of the Famous History of Valentine and Orson ; which indeed, is the most likely of the two. For as I understand, it was a Quarter of a sheet of Paper ; on which he wrote a piece of his Mind to the Counterfeit Ariadne, giving her notice where she might direct her Commands to him at any time ; which he dispatch'd*

dispatch'd to her by a Messenger he  
 found there, who undertook to deliver  
 it that Night for a Tester. So, immedi-  
 ately he mounted and came for *London*;  
 where he Arriv'd about eleven at Night:  
 He set up his Beast very carefully, and  
 stay'd till he had seen his Bed made, and  
 till he had eaten a hearty Supper of Corn.  
 Then—*God a mercy Horse* (said *Polydor*)  
 and left him to provide for his own self;  
 which he did; taking Coach and driving  
 directly to his Lodgings; where he  
 vow'd, Pray'd a little and Sigh'd more,  
 so put out his Candle and went to Bed.  
 What with Travelling and Vexation, he  
 was so tired, that he slept very soundly  
 till seven the next Morning, without the  
 help of Wine. When he rose he found  
 himself much better for having drank so  
 little the Day past: But still he found his  
 Troubles return into his Thoughts, as  
 fresh as ever. He knew not what in the  
 World to do, to ease himself. At last,  
 he bethought himself of his Friend *Mar-*  
*woud*: To whom he resolv'd to dis-  
 course his Misfortunes at large and ask  
 his Advice, what to do in his miserable  
 Condi-

Condition: For, he had fully determined in his Thoughts to drink no more so largely and frequently as he had done hitherto. To his mistaken Friend then he go's, finds him hardly awake, in Bed. *What! Not awake yet* (said Polydor, drawing open the Curtains) *Who's that?* (cry'd Marwoud, rubbing his Eyes) *O Polydor! What Reason'd already!* *Will you believe your Eyes, or no,* (reply'd Polydor) *you see I am.* *Hardly* (answer'd Marwoud) *for faith thou hast made such haste 'tis almost incredible to me!* *Since, I presume, you stay'd some time with your Friends you went to see?* *And for my part, I declare to you, I don't love to ride so hard.* *But did you not travel some part of the last Night?* (contin'd he) *I did,* (reply'd Polydor) *I shou'd not like that without Company* (said Marwoud) *'tis dangerous, there are Highway Men abroad every Night on that Road:* *Besides if it were never so clear of them, I shou'd nevertheless be Afflicted by all the Melancholy Thoughts my Soul cou'd minister.* *Ay!* (interrupted Polydor) *These were my Entertainment all the way.*  
I never



I never was so melancholy in all my Life,  
 (added he) nor ever had reason to be so:  
 How? Prithce why? (said Marwoud)  
 sit on the Bed and let me hear the reason.  
 You shall (said Polydor sitting down) I  
 am Marry'd my dear Friend (continu'd  
 he, embracing Marwoud; sighing and  
 almost weeping at every word) At last,  
 he summon'd all his Resolution, and  
 made shift to discourse all his Adventures  
 with *Ariadne* to him, which he did in  
 such pitteous Accents and with such  
 mournful Gestures, that Marwoud often  
 sigh'd in Consort with him. But, perhaps,  
 it was more, because he understood that  
 Polydor had rob'd him of his Mistress,  
 tho he did not know it himself. But as  
 if it had been to make him more enra-  
 ged; Polydor shews him the Ring and  
 Gold *Ariadne* left with him. Marwoud  
 soon knew the Purse and the Ring.  
 Which made him say, coldly, "On my  
 Word, I shou'd think by this she were  
 a Person of Quality; but her leaving  
 you so strangely confirms me in a con-  
 trary Opinion, Polydor then proceed-  
 ed to tell him how passionately in Love  
 the

the true *Ariadne* was with him, all along  
mistaking *Dorothea* for her. But (*said*  
*he tenderly embracing Marwoud again*)  
I will have nothing to say to her, be-  
cause, I know your Heart is engag'd  
there. How came you to hear that  
(*said Marwoud?*) The Foot-man that  
I overtook on the Road discover'd it  
to me, by a trick I put upon him.  
Well then, *cry'd Marwoud*, how do  
you like the true *Ariadne*? What  
manner of Woman is she? for, per-  
haps, *continu'd he*, you may be still  
deceiv'd. That's impossible, *replied*  
*Polydor*, and to convince you that I  
am not, I will describe her to you.  
Her Hair is of a pale brown, her Eyes  
are Gray, full and Languishing. She  
Lisps a little; and she has a Mole on  
her left Cheek which becomes her ex-  
treamly. Nay, nay, I'm sure 'tis she.  
Well I am satisfy'd; *said Marwoud*,  
who knew well enough 'twas *Dorothea*,  
by the Description:

F

He

He presently imagin'd 'twas one of *Ariadnes* Caprices that set *Dorothea* to personate her. He began to be very uneasy, and impatient of *Polydor's* Stay.

— When *Polydor* asked him, "Am not I the most wretched Creature breathing? Dost thou not pity me heartily? What shall I do? Prithce assist me. And a thousand other things that a man in his Condition might propose. He reply'd, "I believe 'tis Nine a Clock; I must rise to take Sir Francis ere he go out. What? shall I drink a Bottle with you at Night? I will not fail to meet you at Eight, at Locket's or where you will. I'll see you there if you please (reply'd *Polydor*) but I can't Drink. You dull Dog (said *Marwood* to his *Valet de Chambre*) are these Clothes for this Weather? What occasion have I to Sweat in this Weather more than I must of Necessity? Do your Rogueship think I'm Fox'd? you are but an ill Physitian to prescribe me a Sweat, amidst all this Heat, I were. The poor Devil answer'd nere word, but with all submission imaginab



nable brought him another Suit that look'd a little Cooler. He put it on and dressed, till he had occasion for his Perruke; by ill Luck, that which he designed to wear that day, was not Comb'd out. ——— Defend us! How

many *Dammées*? How many *Oaths*? How many *Insipi'd Rascally Negligent Beasts* were there utter'd! *Polydor* observing him out of Humour, did not know what certainly to attribute it to, but thought it very convenient to leave him. *Marwood* (said he) *good Morrow! To Night at Eight, at Locketts; remember your Servant*, answered he in the same Tone, he had spoken to his *Palet de Chambre*.

Down Stairs went *Polydor*, and not long after *Marwood* took a Chair and went to Sir *Francis*, where he appear'd very much discompos'd, all along; in-  
somuch that Sir *Francis* took particular Notice of him. 'Marwood (said he) 'What the Devil ails thee? Thy looks 'are enough to give the most Costive 'Body a stool! What's the matter? 'Come, impart, impart. 'Tis not whol-

' some for your knowledge of all  
 ' Mens, (reply'd Marwood) 'twill  
 ' blister your Ears if I relate it. You  
 ' seem to imply (said the Knight) that  
 ' it Concerns me. And your words  
 ' have rais'd my Curiosity to that  
 ' height, that you must explain 'em, or  
 ' I cannot esteem you my Friend. My  
 ' silence (answer'd Marwood) is now  
 ' the greatest Argument of my Friend-  
 ' ship to you that I can make you. I beg  
 ' you would not. — Prithee do not  
 ' beg (interrupted Sir Francis) thou hast  
 ' stirr'd all that was Woman in me, and  
 ' now I must know; thy very Endea-  
 ' vours to conceal it makes me im-  
 ' patient of this tormenting Silence,  
 ' There's Mischief in it, let me know it.  
 ' Mischief! I think there is (cry'd *Mar-*  
 ' *wood all in a Rage*) Mischief, Base,  
 ' Treacherous Mischeif! Why then art  
 ' thou so long ere thou let'st me know it?  
 ' (said *Ariadnes* dear Brother) Too  
 ' soon (said *Marwood*, shaking his spite-  
 ' ful head, and shrugging up his Shoul-  
 ' ders, you will know too soon, the Lady  
 ' your Sister *Ariadne* is Married. —  
 ' Married!

'Married! (said Sir *Francis*, keeping  
 'his Temper and his face.) Why, then  
 'God give her Joy! Can you then  
 'so Tamely hear such ill News? (cry'd  
 ' *Marwood*) that your Sister is Marri'd  
 'basely, below her self to a Man of no  
 'Fortunes, or at least of very small For-  
 'tunes, and those too decaying! And  
 'without your Knowledge! With  
 'all my heart, let her Marry without  
 'my Knowledge (reply'd Sir *Francis*)  
 'But what base Man is he, she has made  
 'her Husband? Pray what is his name?  
 'Do I know him? yes, I think you  
 'have seen him (answered *Marwood*)  
 'and in my Company. Pox o' my Log-  
 'gerhead that ever I brought him near  
 'you! — Prithee (interrupted the  
 'good humour'd Gentleman) who is he  
 'without any more Harrangues, let me  
 'know his Name, if he has one, I be-  
 'seech you. 'Tis *Polydor*, that Treach-  
 'erous Beggerly Villain! (cry'd *Mar-*  
 'wood, his Face all over glowing with  
 'Rage and Envy.) *Polydor*! (said Sir  
 '*Francis*) have a care *Marwood* what  
 'you say! He is a worthy Gentleman



' and of a good Family, besides he was  
 ' your Friend. I am heartily glad 'tis  
 ' so well with her, after all the fears  
 ' you put me in for her. So well (cry'd  
 ' *Marwoud*. 'Tis true; she might have  
 ' Married a Hangman, a Cobler, or a  
 ' Porter for all you I see; But I don't  
 ' apprehend how otherwise she could  
 ' have done worse! The Extravagant  
 ' Prodigal knows how to spend her  
 ' Fortunes, and his own too, were  
 ' they both doubled. Is this all the care  
 ' you take of your Sister! How now  
 ' *Marwoud*! (said Sir *Francis* putting  
 ' on a serious Look) what do you mean  
 ' by this Discourse. Pray keep your  
 ' Reprimands till they may be more sea-  
 ' sonable: will you instruct my Care  
 ' and Love to my Sister! If I have of-  
 ' fended Sir, (answered *Marwoud*) 'tis  
 ' through the excess of my Friendship,  
 ' and Zeal to serve you. I could not  
 ' think such a Lost Fellow as *Polydor*, a  
 ' fit Match, for the incomparable *A-*  
 ' *riadne*. It seems (reply'd her *Brother*)  
 ' *Ariadne* thinks so. ' And once more I  
 ' give you Caution, that you treat him  
 ' at

'at your discourse of him, as he is a  
 'Gentleman. If not for his own, and  
 'his Families sake, yet at least as he is  
 'my Sisters Husband, and my Brother.  
 '— But how came this Wedding a-  
 'bout. *Marwoud* told him every Cir-  
 'cumstance as *Polydor* had related to him,  
 'but (*added he*) I fear he has disguised  
 'the Truth, and that he surprised her,  
 'and forc'd her consent to Marry him.  
 'If so (*replyd Sir Francis*) I shall take  
 'an Honourable Revenge on him:  
 'Wee'l go down to Morrow, and learn  
 'the Truth. But I fear, *Marwoud* you  
 'love her your self: I have long sus-  
 'pected it, and 'tis Jealous hate that  
 'makes you judge so ill of your happy  
 'Rival. I hope (*reply'd Marwoud*  
 'ready to burst with Anger, which he  
 'durst not vent there) I had not been  
 'altogether so Contemprible and dis-  
 'proportionate a Match; had I been  
 'so happy as *Polydor*. I grant your  
 'Estate is proportionable (*reply'd Sir*  
 '*Francis*) but how unequal your Hu-  
 'mours may be, I know not. And  
 '(perhaps added he sharply) she is as  
 'Happy

‘Happy as she has disposed of her self,  
 ‘as if she had proceeded according to  
 ‘your deliberate Instructions. ‘Tis  
 very possible (reply’d *Marwoud*.)

The next Morning they came to *Darothear*, where I fancy they were expected, because they were so Civilly entertain’d. Assoon as *Sir Francis* found his Sister in private, which you may be confident was before *Marwoud* had the opportunity of conversing alone with her. He told her all that *Marwoud* had related to him, all which she own’d, who certainly gave her the greatest animosity imaginable against a Gentleman of his Principles, and Circumstances. ‘Tis true she was Reveng’d and that by good Fortune, for (perhaps) *Marwoud* durst have fought any man on equal terms of Honour or Advantage. He was a Spark that could Love as heartily for interest as any man Breathing! He had a strange Command over himself in Conversation! And would seldom speak Truth, for, that is the rudest thing imaginable, especially if a man always does so. You are



are to know then, that as soon as her Brother had made this Discourse to her, *Ariadne* singled out *Marwoud*, and led him into the Garden. Is it possible (said she) that a Gentleman and your friend, should impudently and falsely report to you, that I was Married to him! and is it not as strange that you should give Credit to him on so slight Circumstances, as the sight of my Ring and Purse. Look here (continued she, shewing him the Letter *Polydor* had written to her, under the borrowed Name of *Beaufort*.) See now are you not finely abused. But I perceive very faint appearances will prevail on you, to believe the worst things imaginable of me. Ha! (interrupted *Marwoud* in a pleasing surprise) Are you not then Married to him? Why can't you yet give Credit to me! (said *Ariadne*.) Why then (cry'd *Marwoud*) do you suffer him to wear those things, which are much more precious in their having been worn by you, than an hundred times their Value could make them? You see (answered she) he entreats here that he might kiss my hand; which by

no means I would permit, but prevailed with Dorothea to personate me, when upon the first sight of her, he cry'd she was not that *Ariadne* he looked for, and left her without returning any of 'em. By Heaven but he shall return 'em Madam, (cry'd Marwood in a fierce tone) and that ere to Morrow this time. I would not (said *Ariadne*) Encourage you in any ill design of Revenge upon my Account; but truly I must say, he deserves to be punished for his Indiscretion.

What a Devil did this Woman mean now, (some will say) to set this Fellow to Murther her Husband, Let them know she was resolved to try his Courage as well as his other Virtues; for undoubtedly she was the most humorous Creature Breathing. And I dare say, she wish'd from her very Soul, that *Polydore* might come off Victorious, and Chastize *Marwood* for his Tatling.

They said not much more on that Matter, because they saw Sir Francis leading *Dorothea* and *Miranda* to them. they joyned Discourse presently, of  
New

News, and things indifferent, which lasted about an Hour: when they were told that Dinner waited them on the Table, they all went in, and those could fed heartily; *Marwood's* Stomack was full already, with his Resolution of fighting *Polydor*, and I think he Eate but little, but drank the more. And as soon as Dinner was over, he took the opportunity to leave the Knight and Ladys in a very hot Dispute, concerning the Constancy of Men; and the Inconstancy of Women, in affairs of Love.

*Marwood* had gotten on Horse-back just as they were beginning to be warm in their Arguments, and ordered one of the Footmen to tell Sir *Francis*, if he should ask for him, that he was gone to make a Visit to a Drunken friend of his about 7 or 8 Miles thence; and that he should not wonder if he did not return to Night; for he doubted there might be his Service.

Having left this Charge with the Servant, he took the Road for *London*, with all the Convention speed that might be, where



he found himself about Nine a Clock. He was so Impatient, that he hardly could give himself time to change his Boots for Shoos, ere he went to see for *Polydor*.

By good fortune for him, he could not light on him that Night: But the next Morning early he took him in Bed. *Polydor* (said he) *you must rise I have Business with you*. This he spoke in a Tone so different, from that he used to salute his Friend in formerly, that *Polydor* almost guessed what he intended, which made him say Rising, 'Certainly your Business with me is very strange and urgent, that you Visit me thus early, and with that unusual Roughness which you are not wont to accost me with. But (continued he) I am ready to give my Friends all manner of satisfaction becoming a Gentleman. I know it *Polydor* (said *Marmond*) else I had not given myself the trouble to call you to an Account, for an Injury done to a Person of Quality, and my most respected Acquaintance. I don't know what you

“you mean (answer’d *Polydor*) but I’ll  
 ‘give you the best account I can. You  
 ‘must restore the Ring and Purse which  
 ‘you pretended was given you by *Ari-*  
 ‘adne. How! *Marwoud* (said *Polydor*)  
 ‘pretended to be given me! ——— And  
 ‘must Restore them. Prithee to whom?  
 ‘To me (reply’d *Marwoud*.) No *Mar-*  
 ‘woud (cry’d he) Not so. Bring me  
 ‘to that *Ariadne* that gave me the Ring,  
 ‘and left the Purse with me; and you  
 ‘may prevent farther Mischief. Talks  
 ‘not of preventing (said *Marwoud*.) I  
 ‘came to seek it. On my word; reply’d  
 ‘*Polydor*, you are fonder on’t than I am.  
*However I will help you to as much as*  
*may satisfie you, within this Hour; if*  
*you please to let me see you behind Claren-*  
*den House. Well! Good Morrow* (said  
*Marwoud*) *I’ll expect you there an hour*  
*hence.*

He went directly to the place ap-  
 pointed, where *Polydor* after he was  
 dressed, according to a laudable Cu-  
 stom which he had always observed;  
 threw himself on his Knees, and recom-  
 mended the Care of his Soul and Body  
 to

to Heaven: And I believe, if with Honour he might have avoided it, he would not have fought any man in cold Blood, much less one that had been his Friend. He could not yet imagine what obliged *Marwoud* to demand the Ring and Gold.

He went considering on the oddness of that Mornings Encounter, till he came to the aforesaid place, where he found *Marwoud* ready to receive him, with all the Gallantry and Resolution of a Generous Enemy. Said *Polydor*, I could wish *Marwoud*, that this matter might be otherwise determin'd, than by the Sword. Especially between us two. 'Tis in vain (reply'd *Marwoud* drawing) The Sword alone must end this Dispute with one of our Lives. Forbid it Heaven (said *Polydor* standing on his Guard) *Marwoud* was very Furious and Violent in his Passes, which *Polydor* very calmly put by. But *Marwoud* continuing very eager, made one home Thrust, and slightly wounded *Polydor* in his left Arm; who immediately threw himself into his enraged Enemy and was arm'd



arm'd him. Here Marwood (said Polydor) strike your Sword. I will not injure your Courage so much as to expect you should ask your Life. What damn'd misfortunes this is! (cri'd Marwood receiving his Sword,) I thank thee Polydor, but I must again employ it against thy Life! I must be ungrateful (continued he) my unhappy Circumstances oblige me to it! — That's somewhat hard (reply'd Polydor) however I cannot fear to fight that man a second time, whom I have once disarm'd. And now Sir (added he with a threatening Gesture.) This bout may be more fatal to you than the former. I'll take it as it comes (said Marwood.)

They both made several Passes, and Polydor was run quite through the right Thigh, but it was only a Flesh wound, having mist the Sinews. This vex'd him heartily; and he press'd most vigorously on his Rival, in so much that he made him retreat about two yards of Ground, and pursuing his Advantage ran him into the Sword Arm, almost as far as his Breast. There his Sword was so engag'd, that he could not

not easily get it out : mean while *Marwoud* was shifting his own Sword into his left hand, that he might shorten it, and run him into the Back, but *Polydor* prevented him by throwing him on the Ground, where he took from him both the Swords. *Marwoud's* he stuck into the Earth, and broke it short almost to the Hilt. Now (said he) *Marwoud* thou hast the Reward of Ingratitude farewell, if thou canst ; I'll send somebody to help thee, as soon as I reach the Town. No, hold ! (said *Marwood*) let me walk with you. I have my due, and I am satisfied. And I thank Heaven that we have both scap'd with Life. No thanks to you though Sir (said *Polydor*.)

They both made shift to get to *St. James's*, where they took Coach, and were both Carried to the same Chyrurgeon, who assur'd 'em there was no great danger on either side ; but *Marwoud's* was somewhat the worse. When the Wounds were dressed, they embraced very kindly, and were as good friends seemingly, as ever they had been formerly. I dare engage that *Polydor*

lydor was real, but for *Marwoud*, I can not say much, for he plaid him an ill trick after this.

They parted for the present and went to their several Lodgings. About twelve a Clock Sir *Francis* came in puffing haist to *Marwouds*, whom he found upon his Bed asleep, and in a fine breathing Sweat. He was going to steal away softly to leave him to his Repose, but (it seems) he cou'd not avoid making so much Noise as waked *Marwoud*. *Who's there* (cry'd he.) *Your Friend*. (said Sir *Francis*) *I'm glad to see you alive. How is it with Polydor?* *Marwoud* was amaz'd to hear him ask so pertinent a Question, not apprehending how he should know any thing of their last dispute. *I think Sir* (said he) *Polydor is as well, if not better than I am: I'm sure his Fortune was. But in the name of wonder how came you acquainted with our Difference?* *Ariadne* when you were gone, was fearful of what might ensue on what she had said to you, (reply'd Sir *Francis*) and cou'd not rest till she had told me where you were gone, which



which brought us all to Town this Morning by ten a Clock, in hopes to prevent what I see is already too severely performed. *Ay alas!* (cry'd Marwoud) with too severe Success on his side; Curse on this weak Arm, that could not reach his Heart, I am heartily glad it did not (reply'd the Knight,) for I should certainly have lost a dear Sister had it been so, that either of you had fallen. O no! (interrupted Marwoud) had the wretched Marwoud falln as low as Hell, what had that concern'd the Adorable Ariadne! I must confess (added he with a scornful Smile :) if the most Accomplish'd, and thrice happy Polydor had Died; 'twere enough to have broken any Ladys heart. 'Twere enough indeed (answered Ariadnes Brother) to have broken my Sisters heart, had you Kill'd her Husband on her Account. How! (interrupted Marwoud in a great Consternation) is she then really Married to him after all this? after the Letter she shew'd me, to perswade me of the Contrary! 'Tis e'en so after all (reply'd Sir Francis.) And you ought not to be troubled, if I desire you to  
re-

receive him always as your friend. I may be Civil to him (answered Marwoud,) but I fear I shall never really love him. In short (added he) I shall hardly ever endure to see him again. Come! Come (said Sir Francis) this is not like a Man of Honour: I must and will have you perfectly Reconcil'd. That's as time shall try (reply'd Marwoud,) but at present it appears to me as impossible, as it is to recall Yesterday. O! (cry'd Sir Francis) This is only the Effect of your late Animosity. But (pursu'd he) pray make haste and recover, that you may restore my Friend again to my Arms. You may come to my House Conveniently enough in a Chair: but I would not have you be too hasty to leave your Chamber. I'll send Ariadne to Visit you in the Afternoon. In the mean time take care of your self. Saying so he left him without expecting his Answer, and went home.

Marwoud did not at all like the Complement his Friend made him, of bringing his Sister to Visit him: But he considered, he shou'd at sometime or other be forc'd to see her, unless he cou'd altogether

ther resolve to forbear Conversing with her Brother, which made him put himself into the best Posture he cou'd to receive her that Afternoon.

Mean while *Polydor* far'd a great deal better for he cou'd make shift to walk, with the help of a Cane, and the Wound in his left Arm was scarce of any pain to him. Yet he thought it not altogether necessary to leave his Chamber for a day or two; which oblig'd him to send for his three old Companions whom he used so constantly to meet at *Lockets* or one Gaming-house or other. They came according to Summons; and expressed some little kind of trouble for that unhappy Accident, which he told 'em was a fall from his Horse. To play they went as briskly as at the Groom-Porters: And *Polydor's* Hand held in most luckily! There was indeed some reason it should, for, he Treated 'em very largely and generously with Wine and cold Meats.

While they were thus throwing away their Money and Time, *Ariadne* accompanied only with *Miranda*, came to see her Maim'd Souldier *Marwood*. Which, I  
be.



believe was no little satisfaction to her, finding him no worse: For, she concluded her *Polydor's* Case was not so dangerous; having heard as much from her Brother at Dinner. ‘Madam, (*said Marwoud to her*) you do me too much Honour, and your self too great a trouble in this Visit; but, perhaps, ’tis a pleasure to you to see me thus vanquish’d by the Man you had made your Husband, notwithstanding the endeavours you used to disguise it to me. You mistake Sir (*reply’d Ariadne*) if it be any pleasure to me to see you in this Condition: ’tis because, I hope it is much worse with *Polydor*, for, I have already had time enough to repent my hasty Marriage with a Man of his mean Fortunes, and hateful Humours: And I come now to give you the opportunity of revenging yourself and me too. But first, pray give me a particular Relation of your Duel.

He did so, with much uneasiness; and when he came to that part of the story; ‘How! (*said Ariadne*) Had  
‘you

' you the ill fortune to be twice disarm-  
 ' ed by him ! Yes (*Madam, reply'd*  
 ' *he vehemently*) I had that damn'd con-  
 ' founded ill fortune, - for, I am certain  
 ' it was not through my want of Reso-  
 ' lution that it succeeded so well with  
 ' him. I dont suspect it was (*answer'd*  
 ' *she*) But I come now to pour Balsom  
 ' into your Wounds; I mean those of  
 ' your mind; promise me but secrecy  
 ' and truth ! 'Tis neither Treason nor  
 ' Murther I dare assure you. Let me  
 ' know it I beseech you (*said he gree-*  
 ' *dily*) I will attempt it; notwithstand-  
 ' ing I have been unfortunate on your  
 ' behalf in this last Enterprize. Alas  
 ' (*said Ariadne*) 'tis the easiest thing  
 ' imaginable, there's not the least sha-  
 ' dow of danger in it. But you pro-  
 ' mise Fidelity, and Secrecy so much  
 ' as to my Brother ? For Heavens sake  
 ' do not doubt me ! (*Madam, said he.*)  
 ' I will not (*continu'd Ariadne*) your  
 ' Province then is to lay an Action on  
 ' Ten Thousand Pounds on *Polydor*, in  
 ' any bodies name, under pretence that  
 ' the Debt was Contracted before

' Ma

' Marry'd him, manage this as cunning-  
 ' ly as Revenge can instruct you; and I  
 ' doubt not but to be rid of an Husband  
 ' for some time, if not for ever! For,  
 ' he not being us'd to a Prison may the  
 ' sooner take the infection of it and die;  
 ' I have been told that there is no Pri-  
 ' son about Town but has a peculiar  
 ' Distemper belonging to it. Ha!  
 ' (*cry'd Marwou'd*) This is pretty well  
 ' design'd! Let me alone (*Madam*) to  
 ' Execute it. I'll about it the first  
 ' thing I do, as soon as I can go abroad,  
 ' and I am persuaded, it will not a little  
 ' Contribute to the Cure of the wound  
 ' he was pleas'd to bestow on me.

*Ariadne* thanked him for the readi-  
 ness with which he embrac'd her Propo-  
 sitions; and after a little other discourse  
 of things not altogether material to their  
 Circumstances; she took *Miranda* with  
 her and left him to reflect on this Blessed  
 Opportunity she had given him of be-  
 ing in some measure revenged on a Man  
 whom now he mortally hated.

With



With great impatience, he lingered out a Week: And when he ventur'd out o' Doors, the first thing he did, before he had returned any of those Visits Sir *Francis* was pleased to make to him in his Chamber, was to enter an Action of Ten Thousand Pounds against *Polydor* in *Wood-street Compter*, at the Suit of Sir *Tenacious Heedy*: The next was to learn when he went into the City, which he heard would be within two days. He made a Visit to him on the very day he was going, and offered him his Company into the City which was very kindly embraced by *Polydor*. Heavens! How Sollicitous and industrious is malice, to compass its devilish ends! And how easily is an honest man deceived!

The unwilling *Polydor* takes Coach immediately with his treacherous friend for the *Sun-Tavern* behind the *Exchange*, where he had engaged to meet some Friends; but they were no sooner gotten within *Ludgate* e're the Coach was stopped by half a dozen Officers belonging to that Blessed place I told you  
on

on before ; who presently seiz'd on both their Swords, and wou'd have hall'd *Polydor* out, had he not calmly ask'd 'em what they meant, and promised to make no resistance if they cou'd shew any Authority for what they did. One of 'em told him, he had an Action against him, and wou'd shew him the Warrant, as soon as they came to any Tavern, that he shou'd name ; and withal, like the rest of the wheedling treacherous Fraternity promis'd him all the Civility imaginable, provided he wou'd obey the Kings Law. Well (said he) let the Coach-man drive to *Fowlers* at the Half-Moon. The Rascals lik'd that well enough, and very obediently trudge'd along by the Coach sides till they came to the place afore-said.

*Marmont* all along seem'd Amaz'd at this Accident, and appear'd as the most Concern'd man of the two. Now (said *Polydor* to one of the Officers) at whose Suit am I a Prisoner ? At the Suit of one Sir Tenacious Heedy (reply'd the Rascal) here's the Warrant Sir, you may read

it if you please. Certainly friend (said Polydor) you are mistaken, though I confess I find my name here, but may there not be more of my name than my self think you? for upon my Reputation, I never so much as heard of Sir Tenacious — Devils name till this time! Pray what is he? A rich Merchant (answered one of the Furies) and belongs to the East-India Company. Then be satisfied (said Polydor,) I never had Trading with any of the Profession in my Life. No Sir that may be (return'd one of the Goblins) for, I suppose it is a Debt contracted by your Lady. O damn'd Impostor! (cry'd Marwoud on a sudden, who had instructed this Rogue before.) It must be so I am confident, if the Officers have not mistaken you for another. 'Tis impossible we should Sir, (said one of 'em.) This Adversary was with us when he took Coach at the other end of the Town, and told us this Gentleman was the Debter. Dear Harpies (said Polydor Smiling,) How could you forbear your Prey so long? O Sir! (reply'd one,) you were out of our Territories till you came within Temple Bar, where yet we



we did not think our selves secure enough of you, because of the Templars, and some desperate Blades that we might have met with, in Fleet-Street. You have reason Sir (said Polydor smiling) I think, here within your Dominions tis a matter of Imprisonment, at least for a Gentleman to draw his Sword in his own defence; It scares your whining Zealots out of the little Sense they had. Besides they are always apprehensive of their own Guilt, and fear the Punishment they might reasonably expect from the Sword, for their Rebelious, Seditious and mutinous Endeavours against the Royal Prerogative. (He still continued he all in a flame, not so much for his own Circumstances, as with Zeal for his Prince.) 'I will not be Prisoner within these wicked Walls, within this City, in whose Great Streets and highest Places, the best of Kings, (O hellish Riddle!) That Glorious Martyr for the Liberty of his People, was proclaim'd a Traitor.' I say, I will not be confin'd to herd one Week to amend with 'em, lest I get the Infection: at least if a Hundred pounds buy you)

" will remove me to the *Kings-Bench* I  
 " will not. — Why the Devil could  
 " not my Kt. Merchant Adversary have  
 " taken me at our end of the Town?  
 " Was there a Necessity that I must be  
 " brought hither to this Stage, where  
 " the factious Schismatics are playing  
 " the old Gaim again with some of the  
 " same Cards, only the Knaves are all  
 " Chang'd! where little Machiaville is  
 " playing his Pranks! A worthy Puss in-  
 " deed! — But there are Dogs that  
 " may Worry him at last. While he  
 " raved thus; and *Marwood* walk'd frown-  
 " ing about the Room. The Officers you  
 " may be confident were not idle, they  
 " had rop'd off a matter of Seven or Eight  
 " Bottles of Canary, and devour'd the  
 " best part of two Neats-Tongues. At  
 " last one of them beg'd leave of his Gut,  
 " to speak to *Polydor*. Well said he!  
 " What do you propose? will you send for  
 " Bail? Send for a Whore Sir, or take me to  
 " Prison, (cry'd *Polydor*) O yes said  
 " *Marwood* do not think on't! If I thought  
 " my Bail would be taken, I would offer you  
 " my Service. O by no means dear Friend!  
 " (replied

(replied Polydor, Embracing the Snake) *I am resolved to stand it out myself. Then (Interrupted one of the Troublesome Attendants,) Since your Worship will go to Prison; yet, however you shall not go into the Compter, but if you please you may Lie at a Prison House over against it, till you have Composed this Business. No Sir I'll go to the Compter upon my word, (reply'd Polydor.) Indeed you shall not, nor must not, (said Marwood,) who wished nothing more in the World than that he might Rot there.*

*What Exquisite Mischeif may be done with the face of Friendship! I am sorry (answered the true and faithful Polydor) I must be obstinate, but I have some Reasons for it. Now (the Duce take me) If I know what Reason he could have for it: Unless it were to avoid the Extortions of a Sponging House; which nevertheless, had he been in the Compter so often as I; he wou'd have endur'd, rather than have seen the inside on t. ' Indeed Sir, I wou'd not advise you to go into the Compter; you will*

G 3

' find



find it very disagreeable to your hu-  
 mour : The Prisoners there will be all  
 ready to tear you in pieces for Guar-  
 nish; (said one of the Officers.) I shall  
 prevent 'em (Sir) for I'll pay it (sa-  
 id Polydor.) Nay, if you please to like it  
 Sir; Reply'd one of 'em whose Brother  
 in Law kept a Sponging House) you may  
 go into the Prison. But there's the  
 Turnkeys Fee, and seven shillings a  
 Week for a dirty, dark hole, with  
 Cobwebs about your Bed instead of  
 Curtains. When if you would be  
 persuaded (Sir) you may lie in as  
 good a Bed as my Lord Mayor, and  
 have what Meat and Drink you please,  
 and Dress'd how you please, besides,  
 the Liberty of walking down into  
 the Dining Room. But I must pay  
 for it Sir (Interrupted Polydor) I shall  
 have there my Landlord, who (per-  
 haps) Drinks like a Dane, Cringes  
 like a French man, Grins like my  
 Lady's Monkey, when he sees Money  
 coming; but if that be not ready,  
 he looks as furly as a Butchers Dog,  
 or as the Butcher himself, who is the  
 rudest

' rudeſt Beaſt of the two ! His Com-  
 ' pany I ſhall never fail of, then one or  
 ' two of your Worſhips will come to  
 ' Viſit me, three or four times a day  
 ' and make me as uneaſy as this Sir Boo-  
 ' by that Arreſts me will be when he  
 ' hears I'm gone over to the *Kings-*  
 ' *Bench*, — No Sir ; I am bound for  
 ' the Compter ; there I'll treat my fel-  
 ' low Priſoners, that want a Bottle of  
 ' Wine and a luſty Joint of Meat !  
 ' 'Twill be well beſtow'd.

' How long is it ſince you have had  
 ' ſo good knowledge of theſe Houſes  
 ' you have deſcrib'd ? (ſaid *Marwood*)  
 ' I hope you never were confin'd till  
 ' now. I never was indeed (replied  
 ' Polydor.) But I have viſited ſome of  
 ' my acquaintance in ſuch like places  
 ' ſeveral times. Well Sir ſince you  
 ' are ſo obſtinate, and will not be pre-  
 ' vail'd on for your own good ; (ſaid  
 ' one of the *Serjeants*) you ſhall e'en  
 ' have your humour, but I fear you'll  
 ' repent it. I ſhall not however ac-  
 ' quaint you with my Penitence if I do,  
 ' (anſwer'd Polydor,) So, let's know  
 ' what's

“ what’s to pay ; that I may be gone to  
 “ my Palace. Dear Friend (*continued*  
 “ *he, speaking to Marwoud*) oblige me  
 “ so far as to enquire into this buliness  
 “ for me ; and see what must be done  
 “ in’t, and give your self a little farther  
 “ trouble to send *Harry, Will, or Tom,*  
 “ any one of ’em or all of ’em together  
 “ to me, by to Morrow Noon. I will  
 “ not fail (*replied Marwoud*) Can I do  
 “ you any better Service ? I am sorry at  
 “ the Heart that I must leave you : Yet  
 “ if my Company may add any thing  
 “ to your satisfaction, command my stay  
 “ with you as long as you p’ease, and  
 “ where you will ; I’ll put off all busi-  
 “ ness so I may any way contribute to  
 “ the easing of your Misfortunes. O  
 “ by no means (*answer’d Polydor again,*  
 “ *Embracing his Evil Angel*) I cannot  
 “ suffer it. I know you will be at no  
 “ great ease in such a place, which will  
 “ but encrease my trouble.

As they had ended this Discourse, the  
 Drawer brought up a Bill of about eight  
 and twenty Shillings which these Vermin  
 had devour’d in less than three hours  
 time,



time, and yet the Dogs were so greedy that they were craving still; they were for Money for waiting! (with so many Plagues to them as they drank Glass's of Wine!) *Money for waiting!* (cry'd *Polydor*) yes; let them pay you that for you a work. They look'd a little sower; but said no more, because they saw their Pay-Master in the Room; who wou'd needs pay the Reckoning out of the extraordinary satisfaction he receiv'd in *Polydor's* Affliction: But *Marwoud* pretended, it was for fear *Polydor* shou'd have occasion for Money, in his ill Circumstances.

*Polydor* took leave of him to go to his Enchanted Castle, with a Resolution worthy an Hero who makes such desperate Adventures! He was attended only by four of the Giants Warders. The other two stay'd with *Marwoud* till they had squeezed three Guineys out of him. He charged them when he was going to look strictly to their Prisoner and not to allow him any liberty, that they might lawfully deny him. They promised to be very observant of his

mands, and left him to go homewards without his Companion; for my part, I wish *Polydor* had gone homeward without him, and had left him to keep his Bed warm in the Compter! But hang't! 'Tis ridiculous to wish Impossibilities! Well! Let the Treacherous *Marwou'd* e'en trudge on! Wee'l return to my good friend *Polydor*; who by this time had enter'd the Fort and pay'd all Dutys belonging to it.

All the rest of the poor Enchanted Souls look'd upon him, as the wretched Ghosts in Hell did on *Hercules* and *Theseus* whom they were in hopes came to deliver'em; and truly if *Polydor* did not altogether enlarge their Bodies, yet he did much encrease their Commons, during his stay there. Infomuch, that they all esteem'd him their Deliverer, from a lingering sort of Famin! For he dayly gave Alms to the meanest: You may see Providence in this now! For, had he not been sent thither, many a poor Soul might have Perish'd of Hunger and Thirst.

His

His Charity to all, and his kind easy Conversation with the most 'inferiour and Miserable Creature there was so signal, that the Keepers took particular notice of it, and told him, after he had been there two Days and some Hours, by way of Complement as I suppose they intended it; that, ' They shou'd be mighty ' sorry to lose his Company; at least ' (*they added*) the Prisoners would have ' no small cause to Lament his Departure, tho they ought to wish it for his ' sake. He Smil'd, and told em, ' He ' thought he was oblig'd to it as he was ' a Man, if not as a Christian and a ' Fellow Sufferer.

They had more discourse as they walk'd, at the end of which, a Jolly, Honest Soul, (and so you wou'd judge by the Ruddy Complexion of his Face) one who had no small Authority there, Invited him into the Lodge; telling him, and that truly, that it was the sweeter place of the two. He Embrac'd his kind proffer; and to shew he was not ungrateful for favours sent for half a dozen Bottles of good Clarret from Matt.

Fowlers,



*Fowlers*, and bespoke two good substantial Dishes of Meat for his Friend, his self and the Prisoners.

As they were drinking a Glass or two before Dinner; in came those two Officers that stay'd behind with *Marwoud*, who had heard of his Generosity to those in the House, and of his Civility to every Body, and who perceiv'd he had Money enough; 'O (*cry'd Polydor, looking on his Friend in Authority.*) 'These are some of the Gentlemen that brought me hither to be acquainted with you. Sirs! Pray walk in and drink with us (*continu'd he, to the Officers*) They were easily prevail'd on, and sat 'em down:

After a Glass or two had gone about; (said the Serjeant) 'I wonder, Sir, No body has been with you yet! Ay (*said Polydor*) 'tis something strange! But 'I doubt not, my Friend whom you saw with me t'other day, is busie in getting my Liberty; and means I suppose, to surprize me with it; yet I admire he has not sent some other Friends to me whom I expected to see here

' here the next day after my Confinement. You have been very patient,  
 ' Sir, (*said the Officer*) I don't hear  
 ' that you have sent to any Friend yet.  
 ' No, no, I need not trouble my self,  
 ' I'm sure (*reply'd Polydor*) my Friend  
 ' is labouring for my case. You mean  
 ' Squire Marwood, (*answer'd the Ser-*  
 ' *jeant.*) I do so (*said Polydor.*) I can  
 ' then assure you (*continu'd the Officers*)  
 ' that he is endeavouring, labouring all  
 ' the ways imaginable to keep you in  
 ' a Prison all the days of your Life.  
 ' How Sir (*Interrupted Polydor, strangely*  
 ' *Surpris'd!*) what, do you know what  
 ' you say! Ay, ay, Sir, (*said the other*  
 ' *Serjeant*) and I swear it, Sir; and  
 ' two Witnesses are enough to cast a  
 ' Suit at Common Law. That may be  
 ' Sir, (*answer'd Polydor*) but a thou-  
 ' sand Witnesses will hardly make me  
 ' suspect my Friend. But pray, what  
 ' ground have you for what you say?  
 ' Why, Sir (*replied one of 'em*) since  
 ' we have found you here among us a  
 ' Civil, Obliging, and Charitable Per-  
 ' son; I'll tell you the whole truth, which

" I will Swear to, and so will my Friend  
 " there. Be assur'd then, that it was he  
 " who set you for three days together,  
 " till the very day he secur'd you in the  
 " Coach where we took you. I dare  
 " swear it before any Magistrate in Eng-  
 " land, (*Interrupted by other Serjeant.*) It  
 " may be so Sir, (*replied Polydor.*) Be-  
 " sides (*pursu'd the Serjeant*) I'm sure  
 " we had three Guineys of him. If  
 " this be true; (*cry'd Polydor*) I am a  
 " very unfortunate Fellow, indeed!  
 " For, the loss of a Friend grieves me a  
 " thousand times more than my Impri-  
 " sonment. But (*continn'd he*) did he  
 " say, I ow'd him any Money? No Sir  
 " (*replied the Serjeant*) he told us, the  
 " Debt was real, and Contracted by a  
 " Lady whom you had lately Marry'd.  
 " This is all a Riddle to me! *said Polydor,*  
 " But I thank you Gentlemen for your  
 " Information. I find I am made the  
 " sport of Fortune of late. I was a hap-  
 " py Fellow and at Liberty once.—But  
 " now — Well! — Gentlemen, your  
 " Servant.—I thank you for this Liber-  
 " ty. — Why Sir, will you be going  
 " already,



already, (*said he who invited him into  
 the Lodge*) Dinner is just a coming I  
 believe, by this time. Be pleas'd then  
 Gentlemen (*reply'd Polydor*) to feed  
 heartily when it do's come; and In-  
 vite some of your Friends in the House  
 to eat with you, that want it most, at  
 least be pleas'd to send 'em what you  
 think fit, for my part, I care not for  
 eating. I must mind my own business.  
 I see. And pray let me entreat the  
 favour of you, to let me have a care-  
 ful Messenger sent to me; and you  
 shall command me as much another  
 time, if I ever am in a Capacity of  
 serving you. Ay Sir, we'll be sure to  
 send you a very honest Fellow (*an-  
 swer'd one of 'em*) but we are sorry  
 you will not Dine, when you have al-  
 ready given order for Meat. I thank  
 you Sir (*said Polydor*) I have busi-  
 nesses of greater concern than Dining,  
 once more your Servant.

The Gate was soon open'd to him;  
 you may believe; and to his dark Apart-  
 ment he went directly. Where after  
 two or three hearty Sighs; he began.

‘ *How*

'How shou'd *Marwoud* come acquaint-  
 'ted with my *Ariadne*! How came she  
 'to employ him! And how durst he  
 'undertake so base a thing as to betray  
 'his Friend! Yet—what made him  
 'fight me for the Ring and the Gold!  
 'What Title had he to either of 'em.  
 ' 'Tis a strange Mystery, profound and  
 'dark! And I am lost in't. He must  
 'know my False *Ariadne*, if he did  
 'really betray me to this place, that's  
 'certain, *Ariadne* did I call her? A very  
 'Improper Name it is (methinks) for  
 'her: For,—she has led me into a La-  
 'byrinth! I see, all *Ariadnes* are not  
 'of the same humour. Her Name sake  
 'bravely led her Lover forth, spite of a  
 'Cruel Father! Ventur'd all, and lost  
 'her self at last for a false Man!  
 'When I Disarm'd and naked of deceit,  
 'have got into the Labyrinth, and met  
 'the Monster. So much for Honesty!  
 'So much for Truth! But O! How  
 'much for rash Credulity! Had I been  
 'practic'd in the World's great Arts,  
 'Treason, Rebellion, and Hypocrisy.  
 'could I have nos'd my Prince, and to  
 'his

' his Teeth have told him that his  
 ' Power was but painted ; cou'd I have  
 ' sworn a Maid into belief, of any feig-  
 ' ned Love, and when I had enjoy'd,  
 ' have thrown the Riff'd, Broad, Blown  
 ' Flow'r behind me ; cou'd I, in my  
 ' Dear Friends Bosom lying, pierce it  
 ' to reach his Heart ; and after all, cheat  
 ' Heaven with pretended Piety, serve  
 ' God with lift up Eyes and dismal tone ;  
 ' but Heart of Marble, sinking down to  
 ' Hell, then I had been a Glorious De-  
 ' vil ! Then, my Prince might ha' been  
 ' pitty'd, the lost Maid have Fruitless  
 ' Tears with my Friends unrevenged  
 ' Bloud. They'd only suffer'd. — O !  
 ' No ; I mistake : They had been Bles-  
 ' sed (perhaps) and with their Sighs  
 ' have blasted all my hopes of future  
 ' Bliss, and blown me down to Hell ;  
 ' for Heaven sees, and is not to be  
 ' mock'd.

He fetch'd another deep Sigh at the  
 end of this long Sermon, and threw him-  
 self on his Bed : Within a little after the  
 Fellow came to him to know what Ser-  
 vice he had to command him. He rose  
 and



and dispatch'd him away to his three Gaming Friends; and being then somewhat tir'd with Grief, and not having yet slept well in his new Lodging, he fell into a Slumber for two or three hours.

About which time the Messenger return'd with his three Friends. He was almost out o' Countenance when he saw 'em; and hardly knew how to receive 'em. At last (*said Will,*) 'Why, how now Polydor! What brought thee hither? Even my own Folly (*replied Polydor*) you will not pitty me when you hear it. However, I must discourse it to you, that you may give me your Advice; you must know then, I am Marry'd. — Marry'd (*cry'd all three, in a strange Surprise*) Ay, Marry'd (*contin'd Polydor*) and to one of the most Beautiful Creatures breathing! One whom I wou'd not leave for the Empire of the World, were she but really what she seem'd. You appear Amaz'd at what I say (*pur-* *su'd he*, but sit ye down and I will relate you the whole Adventure; 'Tis pure Knight Errantry, that you must take notice

' notice of before-hand. Then he be-  
 gan and told 'em every Circumstance till  
 the very Minute that they came to him.  
 They heard it with a great deal of Pati-  
 ence and Wonder, but with no little  
 trouble for their Friends sake. edw for-  
 ry (*said Will,*) you are fallen into the  
 ' hands of Sir *Tamworth Frowdy*, I have  
 ' heard he's a meer Jew to any Man that  
 ' owes him Money. No, Pox on't?  
 ' (*cry'd Harry*) Nothing troubles me  
 ' but that he is Marry'd. And what's  
 ' worse (*added Tom,*) that he shou'd  
 ' throw himself away without ever so  
 ' much as asking the advice of any of  
 ' his Friends! You see Friend (*said*  
 ' *Harry*) what comes of Weddings?  
 ' Pox take me, if I can pity you for  
 ' the heart of me. Why were there not  
 ' Wives enow in the Town of other  
 ' Mens but you must needs get one of  
 ' your own? And (*added Will,*) to  
 ' believe a little Rascally Lad in a matter  
 ' of such moment! A likely piece of  
 ' business indeed; (*cry'd Harry*) that a  
 ' Lady of twelve hundred a Year and  
 ' some thousands in Money and Jewels,  
 ' shou'd

' shou'd dispose of her self on such a  
 ' Person as thine ! There had been some  
 ' reason ; had some probability, that I  
 ' might have had such Fortune : I might  
 ' justly expect it. -Yes, from such a  
 ' Lady as *Sycorax* in the Tempest, with  
 ' a Dowry of Enchanted Lands (*cry'd*  
 ' Tom) which you may take Possession  
 ' of when you can discern 'em. —No,  
 ' Faith, (*contin'd he*) to give the De-  
 ' vil his due, *Polydor* has the advantage  
 ' of us all, that way. Ay, (*reply'd*  
 ' Harry) and to give the Devil his due,  
 ' he's the silly'st Devil that ever I heard  
 ' of ! Come ! You are Merry Gentle-  
 ' men at my Cost, (*interrupted Polydor*)  
 ' but this is nothing to my Liberty, this  
 ' is no Advice ; tho'tis what I did really  
 ' expect from you. Advice, (*cry'd*  
 ' Harry) why prithee send for thy Wife  
 ' *Ariadne* with her Clue, if thou know'st  
 ' whither. I believe she's gone to my  
 ' *Sycorax*, for their Lands lie very near  
 ' together. No, no, (*interrupted Tom*)  
 ' I rather imag n *Bacchus* has taken her  
 ' up too, into Heaven ; he's an old  
 ' Dog at *Ariadne's* ! You shall see he'll  
 ' fetch



' fetch Sir Francis's Sister and all, short-  
 ' ly. Enough, enough of this! (cry'd  
 ' Will, very soberly) Let's think what's  
 ' to be done. Why; I'll tell you my  
 ' opinion (reply'd Harry) I know a  
 ' rich old Widow about three-score, I'll  
 ' send her to him, if he'll Marry her;  
 ' so as Marrying brought him in, let it  
 ' e'en fetch him out. Very reasonable  
 ' and wholsom Advice i' gad! (cry'd  
 ' Tom) And then, 'tis but leaving her  
 ' assoon as he gets out, as Ariadne has  
 ' left him, and he may thus be quits  
 ' with Fortune. Y' are very pretty Fel-  
 ' lows truly (said Polydor) But It  
 ' may fall to my share to laugh at you,  
 ' yet e'r I die. Ay, if your Spout should  
 ' prove a right Diamond and no Coun-  
 ' terfeit, (replyed Harry) you might  
 ' laugh at us for laughing at you. In  
 ' the mean time, take (your Spleen the  
 ' other way, if you can, 'twill become  
 ' you better. Come dear heart to (said  
 ' Will to Polydor) Take no notice of  
 ' these two Rascals, I'll do what lies  
 ' in my Power to serve thee, upon my  
 ' Soul! Polydor shall thank him very obli-  
 ' gingly.

gingly. 'Hark O! what Gravity! (cry'd  
 Harry) As if it were not possible that  
 we might be as ready to serve him  
 with our Lives and Fortunes as your  
 Worship, because you talk and look  
 so superciliously, and we so freely!  
 Well said Harry! (cry'd Tom) What  
 Do's the Rogue affront us! Away,  
 ye Brace of Coxcombs! (reply'd Will.)  
 I don't accuse ye of any Aversness to  
 his Service! But, methinks, you  
 shoud have pleas'd your selves suffi-  
 ciently with your saillery on him, by  
 this time. Prithce, let's now be seri-  
 ous. Mayb for my part (cry'd  
 Harry) I can be as serious as a Riek-  
 Rocket on his business in a Church.  
 And bin (said Tom) can be as serious  
 as the Parson! Well! And what's to  
 be done now? I think at the best way  
 (reply'd Will) to remove him to the  
 Snuff'd Hole (interrupted Polidore) I  
 shoud remove to the King's Bench, I  
 know some acquaintance there already,  
 & besides, I have drank some Bottles with  
 the Marshal, who, I am confident,  
 will give me all the Liberty I may  
 want.

with safety. I'll be sure to Visit you  
 every day in Term time at least. And  
 we'll make thee as welcom as we can,  
 (*cry'd Harry;*) that is, thou shalt ne-  
 ver go over the Water sober. Hang  
 your Dutch Entertainments! (*said*  
 Polydor) I'm out of conceit of 'em.  
 A Blessed Reformation, if it hold!  
 (*said Tom.*) It shall Sir (*replied Po-*  
 lydor,.)

They had some farther discourse con-  
 cerning the means of getting him over,  
 which lasted about a quarter of an  
 hour more, then they sent for half a  
 dozen Bottles of Claret to the cold  
 House, and a dish of cold Chickens.  
 By that time Polydor's Stomach was  
 come to him. For, if ever you were  
 a Prisoner, you may be sensible the  
 sight of a Friend or two there, revived a  
 Man strangely! He eat as heartily as he  
 did on his Wedding day. And drank  
 off his three Bumpers as he used to  
 do, to the King, the Queen, and the  
 Duke.  
 But Polydor's Friends were none of them  
 for, for they were out of town as they  
 were, so they could not be there to  
 persuade the Turkey to open



They stay'd with him till the Fatal Bell was rung, which commands every Prisoner close to his Chamber, and all others abroad to their business. Here you might see one lugging two Guns (as they call 'em) which in plain *English* are two Pottle-Pots of Ale and Beer, another following him with some *Tobacco*, a Candle and Pipes. There, a poor Soul with two or three Bottles of the Sheriffs Wine, *Anglice* Fair Water; begging of another to fill his dirty Pipe with stinking Mundungus.

I suppose, the miserable Wretch was one of the Common-side. You may believe me, for I have lay'n in the House some Nights my self to my Sorrow; Nor is it any great matter of wonder, for a Man of my Circumstances to have been a Prisoner: You know we are generally special Poor. Well! There were a great many other Objects of Pity besides this Man, that a Curious Person would have taken notice on. But *Polydor's* Friends were none of that sort, for they went out as soon as they could persuade the Turnkey to open the

the Door. *Polydor* return'd to his Chamber, and very contentedly went to Bed, where he slept soundly; for he had drank his share with his Friends.

Next Morning, he found himself in very good temper, and withal something inclinable to Rhiming. Whereupon he set Pen to Paper and made,

---

An Attempt, in *Pindarique*,  
On the Blessings of  
*Adversity*.

I.

**T**HE just and Brave unmov'd  
appear,  
In Storms where meaner Souls do  
shrink,  
And ev'n beneath themselves do  
sink;  
Unable Miseries least weight to  
bear!

H

Or,

Or, if with Wealth and Honour  
 Crown'd,  
 No room within their narrow Heart is  
 found,  
 To entertain the Blust'ring Guest;  
 But swelling with the Bubble straight they  
 burst!  
 They in Adverse or Prosp'rous Fate alike  
 are Curs'd!

When, the great Soul does scarce  
 admit

The Fawning Parasite:  
 Or, if he does; 'tis lock'd within his  
 Breast:

Nor suffers him to play his part,  
 Within the Cabinet of his Heart,  
 But slighted, in the Ante-Chamber lets  
 him sit.

An equal mind in different Fates he  
 bears:

The one he neither Courts, nor other  
 fears;

Nor is with this puff'd up, nor that  
 depress'd:

But in himself alone is ever Bless'd.



## I-I

*Ambition, Anger, Avarice and  
Lust,*

*With other Passions of the Mind,  
The Gen'rous Soul in Reasons Chain  
does bind;*

*And as his Captives at his Feet does  
thrust,*

*Tho Fierce and Great to Slavery do's  
bring;*

*Here Nero's Tyrant li's and Alexander's  
King!*

*When the base Wretch is his Slaves  
Slave;*

*Which, like a Conqu'ring Prince,  
do's brave*

*The reason Heaven to defend him gave:*

*It's Throne Usurps, and do's affect to  
Raign,*

*Lord of the strongest Castles, both the  
Heart and Brain!*

*And now grows Insolent and Lewd:*

*Revels, and mingles with the purest of his  
Blood!*

*Do's his best Faculties controul;*

*And won'd debauch his chaster Soul!*

At least misleads it for a Space;  
 Then leaves it naked to disgrace!  
 The Man who thus is by his Passions  
 sway'd,  
 O'r Beasts shou'd wish to Rule, never to  
 be obey'd!

III.

Bless'd is the Man whom Heaven do's  
 not try,  
 With guilded Apples of Prosperity;  
 Sweet to the Taste and Beauteous to the  
 Eye,  
 But Rotten at the Coar and Poyson to the  
 Heart!  
 But thrice bless'd he who can reject  
 The proffer'd Pleasure of the Bait;  
 Who sees the future dire effect,  
 If overcome by the Deceit.  
 Losing the Pleasure he avoids the deadly  
 Smart!  
 But thrice and four times Bless'd is  
 he  
 Whom Heaven try's with Misery,  
 And hardly Cloaths with Rags of Po-  
 verty!

Who

Who

Who silently do's bear his Fate  
And is contented in his lowest State.

Innr'd to Grief and sad Mischance,  
Surely, tho slow tow'rd Heav'n he do's  
advance

Treading on Thorns the way to Bliss!  
Adversity the greatest Blessing is!  
And nothing than Prosperity is worse!  
Prosperity ill-us'd, the greatest Curse.

## I V.

Job's Tempter, sure, mistook the  
way,

Job's Virtue to betray!

Or, rather, the All-Merciful deny'd  
That his Beloved Servant should be  
try'd

By heaping Riches, so to teach him  
Pride.

Hard'ned in Grief and Plagues his Vir-  
tue grew;

Steel'd it became, Temptation-Proof it  
was!

The deadliest Darts which on him Satan  
threw,

His Body pierced, but could no farther  
pass.



His Patience to his Tempter gave more  
Pain,

Than all Job did suskein !  
And he was Plagu'd, and he was shot  
in vain !

When ( Lo ! ) Th' Almighty from  
Above,

With Eyes with Pity flowing and with  
Love,

Beheld the Afflicted Man, as weak he  
lay,

Buried in Ashes on the Ground :  
Vouch'd safe to Parley with this thing  
of Clay !

Taught him to know himself and made  
him sound.

And for the Miseries which he had  
shar'd,

Gave him a Seven-fold Reward.

Teach me then, Heaven, to with-  
stand

The heaviest stroke of Sorrows hand !  
That, to my self brought home, I

may  
The Obedience which I owe thee ever  
pay !

He

He had scarce made an end before an under-Officer of the House came to tell him there was a Gentleman and a Lady below that would speak with him. He was not a little Surprized at it, not imagining what Lady should come to give him a Visit in such a place, unless it were his own Sister. However he bid the Fellow lead them up. He did so. And *Polydor* then was much more amazed than before, when he saw his own false *Ariadne*, as he thought her, led in by *Marwoud* the Treacherous. They stood staring on one another a pretty while, e'r either of 'em could speak. But *Polydor* was in a strange Perplexity! You would have thought he had been in a Fever by his Face; he would fain have been angry and have rail'd at her, but when he beheld her Beauty, he was no more able to do't, than I am to fight a Whale in the water! And that is not very probable; for I can Swim no more than a Mill-stone:

*Heavens!* (cry'd Polydor, pulling his Hat over his Eyes, and walking from her in a great deal of hast) *Art thou come now thy self to torment me! Barbarous Woman! Go! Take that Treacherous Man into thy deceitful Bosom, make as much of him as your false Heart will give you leave. And thou Marwou'd, Faithless Man! Embrace, Embrace the Syren! Go together! And betray one another into a groundless and vain Opinion of each others mutual Affection! Shameless Man* (continued he, looking fiercely on Marwoud) *what unheard of Impudence has brought thee into my sight, after thou hast thus betrayed me! But what ill things dare not he do, that durst betray his Friend!* 'Why, this is very strange' (Interrupted Marwoud) *what do you mean, Polydor? I mean to Cudgel thee* (replyed Polydor, all in a Rage) *for thou art not worthy of my Sword!* 'O! fy!' (interrupted Ariadne) *Is it thus you Treat your Friends. Peace, Syren! Hypocrite! - Fair Devil! Peace!* (cryed Polydor) *Thy Breath and Looks are Infectious!* 'Good Heaven!' (said Ariadne



' Ariadne weeping) How have I deser-  
 ' ved this! *Ab Crocodile!* (cried Polydor,  
 with an angry Smile) *I confess thou hast*  
*not deserved that I should speak to thee!*  
*But—admire now the sweetness of my*  
*Temper! That I can vouchsafe to tell thee I*  
*am angry with thee: And that I have*  
*much reason to hate thee: O! Would I*  
*could! On what Errant has Hell sent thee*  
*to me now? Or, rather what greater Af-*  
*liction is Heaven yet pleased to try me*  
*with!—Come! I'll be tame. And gen-*  
*tly will confess thy Power to thee. Wert*  
*thou but half so Virtuous as Fair; and I*  
*a thousand times more Rich and Happy,*  
*than now I am miserable: I'd kneel to get*  
*one Smile of thee. But—thou art—*

' Hold! (interrupted Ariadne) And  
 ' hear my Business first; e're you pro-  
 ' ceed to Judgment of me! I come to  
 ' offer you all that I have; and were it  
 ' Twenty Thousand times more, I  
 ' would lay it all at your Feet; I have  
 ' brought this Gentleman, my Friend;  
 ' who (it seems) has been long your  
 ' Friend, however you are willing to  
 ' mistake him now; him I have engag'd

' to Compound the Debt with Sir Tena-  
 ' cious, and if he will not accept of our  
 ' Propositions ; he has procur'd another  
 ' Gentleman his Friend to Bail you with  
 ' him. She tells you truth Polydor (*said*  
 ' Marwoud) tho your Passiion blinds,  
 ' and will not let you see our kind In-  
 ' tentions to serve you. *And is it really*  
*true?* (*cry'd Polydor*) ' Most certain,  
 (*replyed Ariadne.*) Then Dam yee, Dam  
 yee both, (*cryed Polydor, furiously*)  
*What! Purchase my Liberty with the*  
*Prostitution of your Body! I tell yee, tho*  
*you both consulted to get me into this place;*  
*yet I'll make a shift to get out on't, without*  
*your Aid, Advice, or Money. And for*  
*thy part Marwoud* (*continued he*) *ex-*  
*pect I will thank thee most justly for thy In-*  
*dustry in delivering me into the hands of*  
*these People; who yet have used me more*  
*civilly than thou desired'st I should have*  
*been.*

He then told him what he had heard  
 from the Officers; while the other la-  
 boured with all the Cunning he had, to  
 perswade him, that he was abused by  
 them, in that Discourse: But all to no  
 purpose

purpose. Nay (said Polydor) 'tis in vain to hope I should believe thee true to me now; when thy very acquaintance with this Woman Lowly Proclaims thy Guilt.

While they were arguing thus very hotly; *Ariadne* took up the Verses and slipt 'em into her Pocket. At last they grew lowd; and then *Polydor* taking *Ariadne* by the hand, led her civilly out of the Room; but *Marwoud* he almost threw down Stairs; and immediately shut the Door to him.

*Ariadne* beg'd of him with all the earnestness that might be, to open the Door to her; urging that she had something to discover to him that concerned the whole Quiet of his Life; but all in vain! He bid her be gone and come no more near him. She still prest to come in, and I believe would have made up all Differences had she prevail'd; for she was really very sensible that she had been to blame, in treating him thus so long. But being still denyed entrance, she went away with a Resolution to play him yet one other Trick e're she undeceived him.

*Marwoud*



*Marwood* was much out of humour, and in a great heat with *Polydor*, for selling him so basely before his Mistress; but he considered, there was no Sword to be drawn there; and besides, his happy Rival was then Naked which stop'd the effects of his Indignation, for a time: Yet he could not forbear threatening him with Revenge, and that in the hearing of *Arriadne*. Who told him, he need study no greater Revenge than what he had already; or at least, than what he was like to have by her means.

This pretty well appeased the affronted Squire; and he waited on her home without so much as ever threatening *Polydor* again.

*Polydor*, was a little disturbed at this unseasonable Visit; because (perhaps) since the Fit had just seiz'd him, he designed to have gone on Rhiming, which their unexpected and unwished for Company prevented. Being therefore somewhat discomposed, he went to his Friend in the Lodge and desired to drink a Glass of Wine with him; which was presently permitted him; and they Dined

ned together very plentifully and chearfully.

About 5. a Clock, as he was Drinking a Grace Cup, he was told that there was a Lady in a Coach at the Gate who asked for him, and the officious Messenger had hardly said the word, ere he saw *Dorothea* come in, whom he had all along mistaken for Sir *Francis's* Sister *Ariadne*. She was attended by two Footmen, one of which was *Polydor's* fellow-Traveller, to *St. Alban's*.

He was mightily surpriz'd at the sight of her; and could not but conclude now, that she was in earnest, and had a real Passion for him.

He led her up to his da ksom Apartment, where he began to exprels the sense he had of the House, and Obligation she then did him in that Visit. She told him he mistook, for the kindness was to her self only, and that she was come with a full firm Resolution to know what he refused to tell her, some Days past.

BNE

But (Madam, interrupted he.) First, I beseech you let me know how you found me out here. Marwoud, with much entreaty inform'd me (said she.) But had he known that I intended you a Visit, and upon what account, I dare believe a hundred Guineys wou'd not have tempted him to the Discovery. For, in short (I'll be free with you, tho you are so unjustly strange to me) he loves me; at least I am confident he has a great Passion for my Money and Estate. The Devil's in him for Ariadnes! (interrupted Polydor.) She seem'd to take no notice of what he said but went on. Yet let his Pretences (continu'd she) be never so generous or so self-Interests'd I cou'd never love him, much less since I have had the misfortune to see you, who so obstinately deny me the least place in your kind thoughts. Madam, (replyed Polydor) I beg of you for Mercy's sake do not do me so great an Injustice, as to believe what you have said. Heaven knows, if it were possible; I wou'd Sacrifice my Heart and all to the Service of Sir Francis Heartwel's Sister. This is meer Evasion (cry'd Dorothea,) I cannot apprehend



prehend what shou'd hinder but your own Inclination, and unless you will let me know the Obstacle, I shall die in that Opinion.

Since then, Madam (said Polydor) you press me so closely to it, I dare not deny you that satisfaction; but I must conjure you by whatsoever has the dearest Influence on you, that you will be secret: I promise it, (cry'd she) as I hope for any Happiness in your Love.

He kiss'd her Hand upon it: And told her of his Marriage with Ariadne, the Circumstances and all the Misfortunes that were Consequences of it.

She all the time seem'd the most troubled Creature that ever was: Sometimes she Sigh'd, then held her Handkerchief to her Eyes, till she had made 'em look as if they had been so red with Weeping; then she would turn them Amorously on his, and there hold 'em for a considerable time; then at last, with another pittous Sigh fetch'd from the very bottom of her Lungs, she'd fix 'em Languishingly on the Ground. And twenty other little Arts she practic'd, (which

(which you know, pretty Ladies are very expert in,) to make him believe how much concern'd she was at the loss of him.

I will not say positively, that she did really Weep; but I am apt to think she might: For, Women (they say) have an excellent Talent that way! Now for my part, I wonder at it! Since, I swear to you, I can't shed a Tear an I were to Hang for want of a Tear, unless I cut Onions (which is a thing I seldom do) or take fine *Spanish* Snush; and that brings the Rheum partly thro my Eyes, (which truly I like as well as Sneezing, every whit. It clears my Head and does me as much kindness as I expect from it, but these means you'll say, are too visible to be mistaken for the effects of any Passion. But after all, if I were to cry for my Life; I would go to hear a Comedy or two, that I know.

The Doleful Tale being over at last; after some little silence on both sides; *Dorothea* began to lament afresh the loss of the only Man whom, as she pretended, she could Love; and the more to aggra-

aggravate his Misery ; She told him her design in coming then to him, was absolutely to know his last Determination, whether he could Love her as a Wife or no ? And to have paid his Debt within a Weeks time, if he had Marry'd her ; nay, farther, her extravagant Passion carry'd her ! She offer'd yet to make him her Husband, and to retire with him to any other part of the Christian World. He could not forbear kissing her Hand again and again, for so prodigious a kind Proposition : But he declin'd it as modestly as 'twas possible any Man should. He let her see how destructive it would be to her Reputation, how fatal to her Quiet, after a few Months when the Excess of her Passion was allay'd. Nay, and added very honestly, that it was not improbable that he should grow sick of a Wife that had so far lost all that was valuable in this World ; and then they would both prove most miserable.

*But Madam (continued he) I am very Confident that this is but a tryal of my Humour, and if I had accepted your offer,*  
*you*



you would only have mock'd my easiness in believing your Virtue so weak and unguarded. You may think (said she) as advantageously of me and my Virtue as you please; but assure your self, I doubt my Love would Sacrifice all to you. But — In the name of good Fortune (pursu'd she) what happiness can you propose to your self with your Ariadne! The greatest I could wish (replyed he) were she yet but Virtuous. But (perhaps, said Dorothea) in that you suppose Impossibilities. However Madam (answered Polydor) I'll hope the best. Well! (said Dorothea) I see you are deaf to the news of a better Life, and so I leave you: But with all the discontent imaginable, on my part: Saying so, she arose from her Seat.

Polydor who had forgotten it all this while, now at last bethought him, that (happily) she might have talked her self thirsty; beg'd of her to accept of one Glass of Wine, and left her in haste without expecting her answer, to send for it. Mean while she took a Paper out

out of her Pocket, which she conveyed under his Gloves:

When he returned, she told him, she neither could nor would stay to drink with him, for whom she had lost her self; and in a seeming kind of a Pet, flung out of the Room: He followed her, and taking her hand led her to the Gate, all the way begging her to consider it as it was, his Misfortune, not his Fault. She said no more, than 'twas in his Power yet to make his Fortune good or bad, and therefore she concluded it was his fault. He took his leave very submissively of her at the inmost Gate, looking on her with a very Penitential Face, which (may be) he put on, meerly to please her.

When she was gone, he went to his Melancholy Retreat. Where he reflected on the strange Perverseness of his Fortune; to cheat him thus with a false Counterfeit *Ariadne* of a true one; for it was past all doubt with him, that the Lady who just left him was Sir *Francis Heartwel's* Sister and the Real *Ariadne*: So many Circumstances there were to confirm

confirm him in that Opinion, there was the Livery and the Coach which was near enough to be known to him for Sir Francis's, and what was greater than all that ! He was certain that one of 'em was really Footman to the Knight.

These and such like Thoughts kept him in his Chamber for about half an Hour : When, taking up his Gloves to walk down to give his Fellow-Sufferers a Visit ; he saw the Paper *Dorothea* had left there.

'Twas Superscribed, to *Polydor the Credulous*. By way of Imitation of his *Blessings of Adversity*.

**T**HE Fool and Easy soon are  
lost  
In Snares which careful Men avoid,  
Or, which their Arts have soon de-  
stroy'd ;  
Too subtil to be made the Coz'ners  
Boast !  
Tho Love, or Money be the Bait,  
Their Heart excludes the guiled, gay  
deceit ;



No room is for the Shadow found:  
 But safe in their own Policies they rest.  
 They in a Prosperous World, or Adverse  
 Fate are Blest ;

When the kind Soul do's strait admit,  
 Each fawning Parasite !  
 Takes him into his Bosom from the ground  
 Nay, suffers him to play his part,  
 Even in the inmost of his Heart ;  
 And in the highest Throne Triumphant  
 lets him sit !

A Faith like wax to every one he lends,  
 Which a Soft Word soon melts or a  
 Smile bends,  
 Takes the Impression of a Judas-Kiss,  
 As deep, as the kind stamp of Faith-  
 fulness !

I think there was a Mock to every  
 Stanza ; but on my Word I have for-  
 gotten 'em. Polydor was amaz'd at the  
 Reading 'em, nor could he imagin how  
 they came there. 'Twas a Womans  
 hand he concluded, but 'twas a Hand  
 oo he had never been acquainted with !  
 he had traced him in his serious Run so  
 exactly,

exactly, that he could not but Laugh heartily at it!

He put them up very carefully and went on with his Charitable Design of Visiting some poor Gentlemen in the House that had wanted him for some hours, he was very pleasant with them till Bed time. When he went to sleep till about Six the next Morning, I don't hear that he complained much of his misfortune that Night.

In the Morning about Eleven a Clock, came *Harry* and *Tom* to see him: And brought him news that on the Morrow in the Afternoon, his *Habeas Corpus* would be ready, and he might hope to see *St. George's Church* before Night.

He was well enough pleased with their diligence in his business, but he wanted his third Friend *Will*. O (cry'd *Harry*) hee'l be here time enough to rob us of the best part of our Dinner. We have bespoke three Dishes at *Fowlers*, against two a Clock, and the Wine I suppose will be here within a quarter of an hour. He had scarce spoken e'r it was brought. They got once more the freedom of the Lodge

Lodge for their Imprisoned Friend ; where they Dined as soon as *Will* came ; which was precisely at two, as near as I can remember. They were mighty pleasant all the time and so we will leave 'em ; to hear what was done all this while at Sir *Francis's*.

There had been (it seems) a strange Catastrophe, for *Dorothea* and *Miranda* had now at last prevail'd on *Ariadne* to leave off Tormenting her *Polydor* and rest satisfyed with his good qualities after so many cruel Experiments she had made on him. What most invited her to be at last Civil to him, was the declaration of his Love for her which he made to *Dorothea*, supposing, she might not have quite lost her Virtue.

Well ! (said *Ariadne*) I consent to undeceive my Enchanted Squire, on Condition you'll suffer me to discover your Inclinations ; your's *Miranda* first to my Brother, and your's *Dorothea* to *Marwoud* : Think not (pursued she not permitting them to reply) that I ask this of ye as a favour too, no I have already resolv'd on it ; and as Good Fortune will have it, see here



here they both come.—Come Brother (continued she) pray sit and Oblige Mr. Marwoud to sit with us: We must Consult, here is much business to be done, and that very suddainly. Nay; if I can serve you Madam; (replyed Marwoud) you need but instruct me, and conclude affirmatively of my absolute Obedience. You promise largely and nobly (replyed Ariadne) but I fear you will repent of your Obligation: Tho' in my Opinion you have rather cause to be satisfied with it. And, not to hold you any longer in suspence, know't was with my consent and the best of my Affections and Endeavours that I Marry'd Polydor; and you have only been my Instrument in trying his humour, which otherwise I could not have been so well acquainted with. Now, therefore (continued she) the Request or Command (which you please to call it) that I have to you; is to lay aside all Animosities to him and Pretensions to his Wife: Not that I mean to rob you of one Mistress and leave you absolutely destitute of an Object of Love; no; I shall rather make you too ample satisfaction for so inconsiderable

rable a loss, when I have promise you and offer you now the Heart of my Dear Dorothea, I expect no denial after the promise you have given me: 'tis partly an acknowledgment you ought to make me, for the opportunities I have shewn you of gratifying your Revenge on your Friend and my Husband. In short, I design you shall be happy with her the same day that I am so with Polydor. Madam (said Marwood) since you do really Love Polydor, and that there is now no longer any hope for me from your Circumstances, I can't propose greater felicity to my self than Dorothea's Love, if I cou'd be assured on't. I will engage for it (answered Ariadne) Pray make your Addresses.

They then fell into Cabals, Ariadne discoursing her Brother and Miranda. There she did Miranda the violence to discover the Passion she so long had entertain'd for Sir Francis, who was most pleasantly surpris'd with the Relation, and blam'd his Sister that she had not revealed it before, that he might ha' Marry'd as soon as she. Something she said to excuse it; but that is not very Material here.

I

Marwood

*Marvins* was very well pleased with the Person and Humour of his new Mistress, but still he had a Reluctance or uneasiness in his thoughts for the loss of *Ariadne's* Fortunes: *Dorothea* was very well contented with his Humour, Person and Fortunes; for to say truth, she had lov'd him long, and could have accepted him with half his Estate.

*Ariadne* having brought things to so good a Period at home, propos'd the day following, to undeceive the poor desponding *Rolydox*. In order to which, Sir *Francis* and *Miranda*, *Marvins* and *Dorothea* accompany'd her to him. *Ariadne* desir'd to speak with him, and one of the Servants went to acquaint him that the Lady was at the Gate that came to visit him with a Gentlewoman, three or four days past. *Rolydox* bid the Fellow say she was busy, as indeed he was; for there were his three Friends who had brought his *Haberdashery* to remove him. The Messenger request'd for all that, and told him the Lady was so importunate that he durst not refuse.



ny'd, that she must speak with him. Tell her she may (*said Polydor*) If she will take the pains to meet me three or four hours hence at the *Golden Lyon* in *Southmark*. He did so, and return'd once more to let *Polydor* know that *Sir Francis Heartwell* would see him if he pleas'd. *Sir Francis Heartwell!* (*cry'd Polydor in a great surprise!*) *Thou art mistaken sure. No Sir* (*reply'd the Servant*) *so he call'd himself, I am certain.* *Deny him, let him come in* (*said Harry*) *If he do's affront thee, I shall find a time to cut his throat. I cannot blame thy zeal for thy friend* (*reply'd Polydor*) *tho' it be mistaken. He is a man of too much honour to offer any Rudeness.* Saying so, he went as far as he might to wait on *Sir Francis*, who was just coming into the House with his Sister, *Marwood* leading *Miranda* and *Dorothea*.

After having saluted each other, *Sir Francis* desir'd *Polydor* to leave his friends to entertain one other for a quarter of an hour, that he might discourse him a little privately. *Polydor* spoke to 'em of it, and went into another

Room with the two Gentlemen and the Ladys. Sir, (said the Knight, lifting up his Sister's hood, which till then cover'd her face ) Do you not know this Lady ? Too well Sir (Reply'd Polydor ) you had not found me here, Sir, otherwise. Have you any pretentions to her? (said Sir Francis.) Pretentions, Sir (answer'd Polydor) no, no; and I wou'd she never had had any for me ! What's the meaning of this? (said the Knight ; ) To my knowledge she loves you. Do you know who she is ? Yes, and what she is too, (reply'd Polydor;) she call's her self Ariadne ; but the pretty Imposture will not pass for such in this Lady's Company. At these words, he took Dorothea's hand. 'Tis well (continued he) they are both come together. I hope my Ariadne will not any longer pretend to the blood of the Heartwells before you, Sir. Your Ariadne ! (said Sir Francis ) why, are you Marry'd to either of 'em ; Yes, yes, Sir Francis (cry'd he in a great Passion) To my eternal shame I am marri'd to this false Beautifull creature ; yes I am sped with her. Well Sir, ( answer'd Ariadnes Brother ) And Heaven

*Heaven give you joy with my Sister !*  
*Ah Sir (says Polydor) Do not triumph*  
*in the misfortunes of an unhappy Gentle-*  
*man ! I know you do but Impose now ;*  
*for that Lady's your Sister, (said he*  
*bowing to Dorothea.) If you please Sir,*  
*(answer'd Marwoud) That Lady shall be*  
*my Wife before Noon yet, as late as 'tis. It*  
*shall onely trouble me (replyed Polidor)*  
*for the Lady's sake. Come, come, Polydor,*  
*(said his kind brother in Law) pen your*  
*Eyes, view her well ! Is not your Ariadne*  
*more like me than my Cousin Dorothea ?*  
*for so is that Lady call'd who has hitherto*  
*only personated my Sister, the more to*  
*perplex you. Ah Polydor cry'd Ariadne)*  
*I bring thee now thy True and Faithfull*  
*Ariadne. Let me embrace you together*  
*(said Sir Francis.) And now Polydor*  
*(cry'd Marwoud taking him by the hand)*  
*Let here all Picques and Fends cease. I*  
*wish thee, and will not envy thee, all those*  
*joys thou art like to possess in that Lady ;*  
*To whose Embraces and careesses I will*  
*at present leave you, to withdraw the*  
*Action that is against you ; which I*  
*protest I do, with much more content than*



*I lay'd it on. Ha! (cry'd Polydor) This is too much happiness for me in one day! To find my dear Ariadne true, to be reconcil'd to my friend whom I thought past it, and to be so nearly ally'd to one whom I have always been ambitious of serving.*

*Marwoud went out and discharg'd him of the Action and fees of the House, while the other two Ladys complemented him; and began to confess how they had all contributed to his seeming misfortunes. Heaven (cry'd Polydor) that I should not know that face again and that shape out of Breeches. But I am now awake. Yet (continued he) I must beg you would permit me to distrust your kindness to me before my friends, in t' other Room: Be it as your humour Commands (answer'd Ariadne) But don't let the counterfit last long.*

*Marwou'd now return'd and brought news of Polydors Libertie: who strait led 'um to his other Friend. After Complements had pass'd, he call'd his three Friends aside, and told 'um how things had succeeded, but withall added, that he durst not yet trust their Kindness, wherefore*

fore he intreated they wou'd accompany him to Sir *Francis's*, where he was going, and that he wou'd plant 'em so near, that upon the least call they might come to his assistance if occasion were. They all promised to hazard their Lives and Fortunes in his Service.

*Polydor* then taking some Money out of his Pocket to bestow on the poor wretches that wanted it, at the same time pull'd out the mock to his *Pindarique*; and shew'd it to *Dorothea*, asking if she knew the hand. She answer'd, yes, 'twas her Cousin *Ariadnes*; who smiling, confess'd that she had stolen his melancholy stuff with design to abuse it. He was not a little pleas'd with this Confession.

As soon as every one had Distributed their Charities, they left the dismal place, and *Polydor* took Coach with Sir *Francis*, *Ariadne*, *Miranda*, *Marwon'd* and *Dorothea*: But *Harry*, *Will* and *Tom* were forc'd to walk into *Cheapside*, where they likewise took a Hackney Coach, following Sir *Francis's* Coach, as close as they could. They came in  
little

time to their Journey's end: Where *Polidor* dispos'd of his three merry Boys in a very convenient Room, leaving 'em Wine enough to supply 'em till he had dispatch'd his affairs in the next Room. Where as soon as he came, he was amaz'd to see the Tables already spread, and all things in as much order as if it had been design'd a week before! But this was not all the occasion of his surprize, for when his Brother in Law, and his dear *Ariadne*, led him into an Inner Room, he was there presented with all the Writings of her Estate, and a glorious sight of Rich Jewells, and of Gold and Silver, some in Bags and some loosely scatter'd about the Chest. This sight was not altogether ungrateful to *Polydor*, tho he did not absolutely doat on Riches.

Immediately after the shew was over, Sir *Francis* was for calling for the Person whom he had provided to speak some fatal words, (as strong as any Witches Charm, I'm sure) to him and *Marwon'd*, and the other two Ladys. But *Polydor* beg'd his three  
Friends.



Friends might first be admitted; to  
 which they agreed: and he gave the  
 sign immediately for them to come in.  
 Who no sooner heard it, but with all  
 the Violence and Resolution imagi-  
 nable, they rush'd in with their Swords  
 drawn. *Ha!* (cry'd Polydor) *whence is this*  
*Rudeness! what do you mean Gentlemen!*  
*How now Polydor (said Harry) Have*  
*you forgot we came to your Rescue? Ra-*  
*ther to Divorce me from the greatest hap-*  
*piness imaginable (reply'd he drawing his*  
*Sword, which Sir Francis and Marwon'd*  
*did likewise) This is strange (said Will.)*  
*It is indeed (answer'd Polydor): very*  
*strange; that a man should betray himself*  
*into twelve hundred a year besides thou-*  
*sands in Money and Jewels, and throw*  
*himself away on so Beautifull a Creature*  
*as Ariadne. You (Harry) I confess*  
*might have expected it? but for such a*  
*person as mine. Death we are fool'd*  
*then (cry'd Tom) well we shall find a*  
*time (continu'd he offering to go.) Hold*  
*Gentlemen, pray be'nt angry (said Polydor)*  
*you must not go yet, till you have din'd*  
*with us, and been Witnesses to a little*  
*Business.*

*Business that these two Gentlemen and Ladies have to dispatch, Come, Put up! Put up! We are all friends. Ay, Gentlemen (said Sir Francis) we must intreat your Company to day. Nay (added Marwon'd) ye must be our Guests. Upon this they all put up; and were as good as so many Certificates to Miranda and Dorothea; that Ceremony ended, they eat and drank plentifully, had the Fiddles, Danc'd, and were wondrous Pleasant, so wee'l leave 'em till night, when I suppose the three Hero's went to Bed with their Ladys; where wee'l leave 'em to be more Happy, than I dare tell you they were.*

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*F I N I S.*

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Fair extravagant